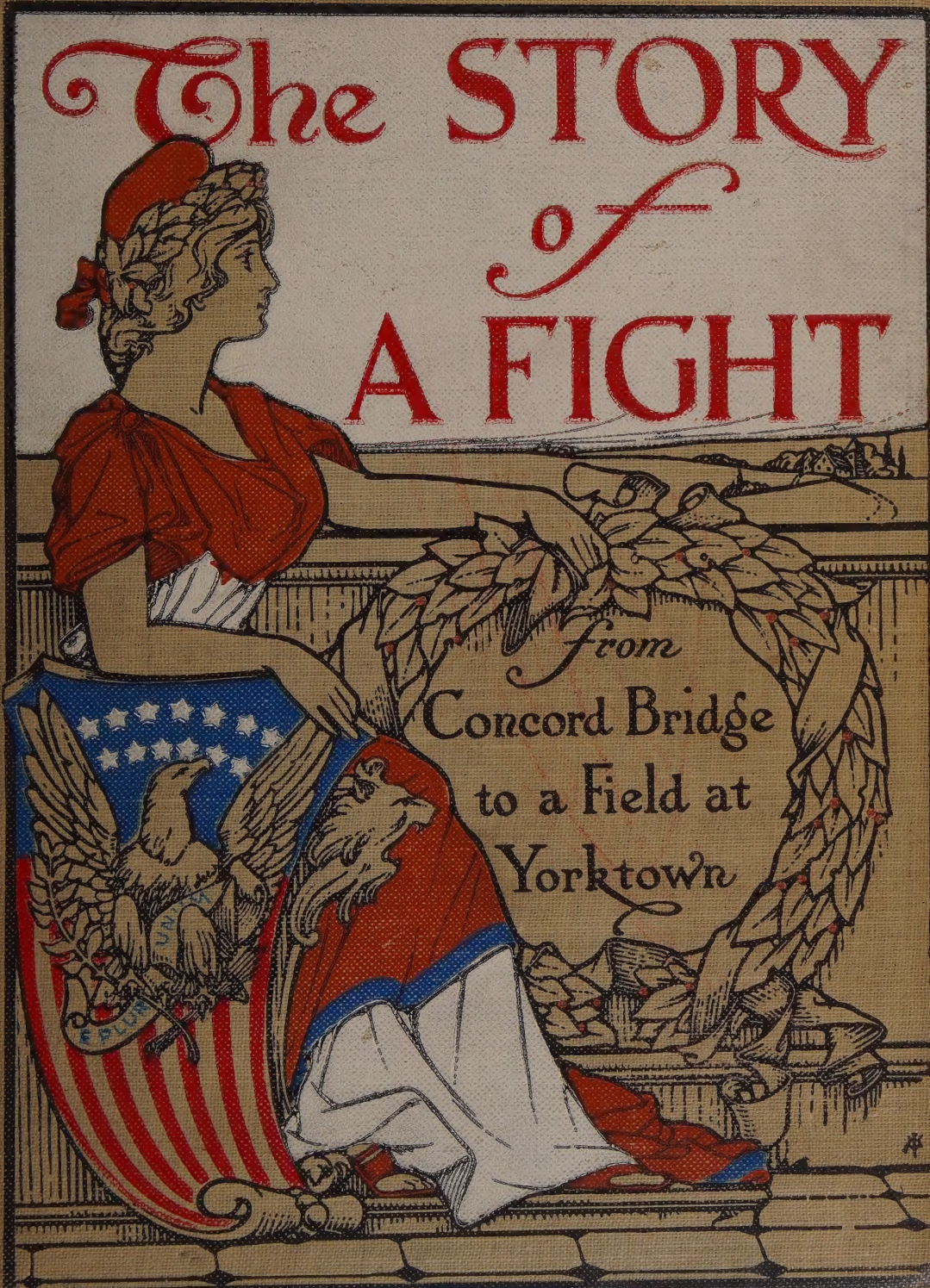
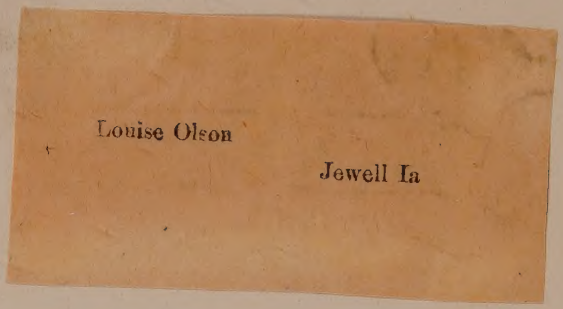
The STORY of A FIGHT

from

Concord Bridge to a Field at Yorktown




Louise Olson
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THE FIGHT ON BREED'S HILL, CHARLESTOWN, MASS. JUNE 17, 1775

THE Story of a Fight

FROM
CONCORD
BRIDGE
TO A FIELD
AT
YORKTOWN

BY HUGH LLOYD

·ILLUSTRATED·

NEW YORK
Mc LOUGHLIN BROTHERS

B

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New York

DEDICATED

TO THE

GIRLS AND BOYS

OF THE

UNITED STATES

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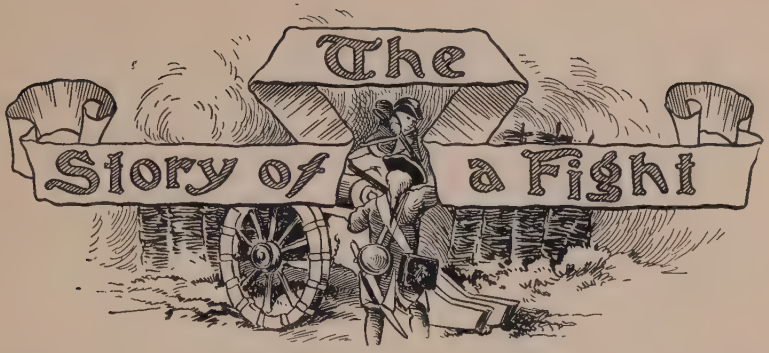


1685 WHY 1760

IN the year 1685, the American colonies were getting on very prosperously indeed. Not that the English king was very kind to them, for no English king was really that, but because he was too busy to bother with them. The king who reigned at that time was the "merry monarch," Charles the Second, who was especially fond of dancing and eating, and cared very little about what his American subjects did, so long as they sent him over plenty of money with which to enjoy himself. This they did like good and loyal subjects until some wise men in Massachusetts thought that it was about time to stop. Then King Charles became very angry, and sent over word that Massachusetts would have to give up her charter; and he further intimated that he was going to punish a few gentlemen in Boston to teach them a lesson.

1685
Arkansas is settled.

But before he had a chance to do these things he did something which was much better—he lay down and died on the 2d of Feburary, 1685, and his

KING CHARLES II

brother, the Duke of York, ascended the throne as James the Second.

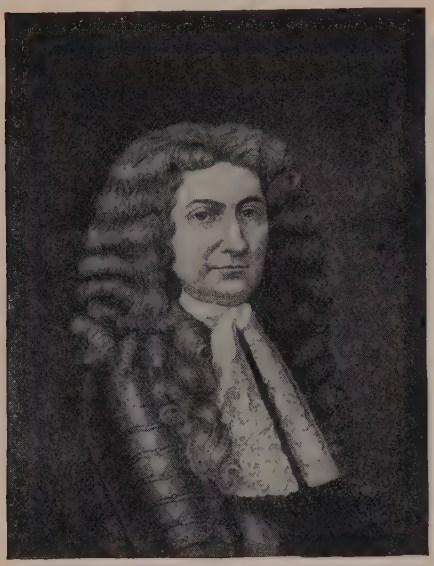
But the new king did not waste much time. He took away the liberal charter of Massachusetts, and sent over as Royal Governor, Sir Edmund Andros,

with a vice-regal commission and a code of obnoxious laws. Sir Edmund had previously been Royal Governor of New York from 1674 to 1683, so he was familiar with the business of Royal Governing. He was now instructed to demolish everything which savored of colonial liberty, and to squeeze out of the good people all the money that he could.

He turned out to be one of the worst despots that ever disgraced the world, and when we seek an answer to the question, WHY the thirteen colonies became an independent nation? history points to this disreputable coward as the first exciting cause.

In 1687, Gov. Andros went from Massachusetts to Connecticut, with a body guard of Royal soldiers, for the purpose of taking the Connecticut charter, as he had been authorized to do by James the Second. He

intended to govern that colony, as he was governing, or misgoverning, the Massachusetts colony, without any charter at all.



GOVERNOR ANDROS

On the 31st of October, 1687, he entered Hartford with his little army, and marched straight to one of the meeting-houses where the General Assembly was in session. Here, in a loud commanding voice, he demanded the immediate surrender of the charter. That precious document of the people's rights was lying in a mahogany box on a table before him. It was late in the afternoon; the shadows of evening were beginning to gather, and during the discussion which followed the entrance of the Massachusetts governor, it became quite dark. Candles were then lighted, and the conversation between Sir Edmund Andros and the Hartford citizens went on. Finally, Sir Edmund reached

his hand out to secure the precious parchment—when suddenly the lights went out! While the little group was still in darkness, Captain Wadsworth, of the Connecticut militia, took the charter, and hastening from the meeting-house, bore it to the outskirts of the village, where he hid it in the hollow of a venerable oak tree, which has ever since been called the "Charter Oak." When the candles in the meeting house were re-lighted, the members were seated in perfect order; Sir Edmund Andros was gazing at the table with a look of wonderment and rage, for there before him was the empty mahogany box. But the charter he had hoped to take away with him, was gone.

Thus was the purpose of King James's tyrannical representative foiled, in the good old colony of Connecticut. He went back to Boston in high dudgeon and proceeded to make himself disliked among the good people of that province.

1688
Revolution in England.
First case of witchcraft.
First legislative assembly in South Carolina.

He abolished voting, he forbade town meetings, he interfered with religious liberty, he arrested people without warrants, and he taxed them far beyond their means. He lived like the king, but he acted a great deal worse. The people hated him, but were powerless, for the king upheld him in his course.

Early in the year 1689, James the Second was driven

from his throne by his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange, and when the news of this reached the colonies there was great excitement.

1689 French and Indians make war on English colonies.

Before three days had passed the people of Boston decided to arrest Sir Edmund Andros, and to send him home. Through the old town drums beat, and a hundred bonfires blazed to manifest the people's satisfaction at the welcome news. From every housetop people called, "Long live King William and his gracious Queen!" The excitement knew no bounds. Amid cheers and wild applause, the local orators denounced the Royal Governor. The town was wild with tumult and enthusiasm. There was a look of joy—sometimes a look of relief—on the faces of the men and women who clustered in little groups in the public places.

And what did the Royal Governor do—the man who had been so bold? He became exceedingly nervous, and went and hid himself. But his day of doom was at hand. A body of soldiers went to his place of hiding, and arrested him, and threw him into the Boston jail.

Here, with the aid of several friends and sympathizers, he secured a woman's gown, and disguising himself in this he made his escape in the hope of getting to a friendly vessel in the harbor. He crept

cautiously down an unfrequented by-way, but was recognized by a colonial soldier and re-arrested.

On the 28th of April, 1689, he was sent to England by the people of Massachusetts on a charge of misgovernment and dishonesty.

WILLIAM III

The new king was not so bad as the two who had preceeded him, however, and the Massachusetts colony enjoyed many of her ancient privileges once more.

But from the time of Sir Edmund Andros the northern colonies were never satisfied; they were never fairly treated by the mother country, at any time; and the seeds of independence really began to take root in the year 1685.

1690 Schenectady destroyed by French and Indians.

The amount of the governors' salaries, and the question as to who should pay them was always a matter of dispute between Great Britain and her colonies.

QUEEN ANNE.

King William, of Orange, reigned until March, 1702, and then Queen Anne, daughter of James II, took charge of the British government, and the American colonies got on well enough with both these sovereigns, though they were unconsciously drifting toward independence all the time. They were learning to govern themselves, establishing provincial congresses, and rearing up wise men who spoke out in favor of colonial rights, and filled the people with a spirit of liberty and independence.

1700 Yale College founded

1701 Detroit founded.

Newspapers were started, colleges were founded, and the colonies were becoming rich and prosperous. Of course, Great Britain noticed all these things—especially the riches and prosperity.

GEORGE I

Good Queen Anne died in August, 1714 and was followed by George the First, of the house of Brunswick, who reigned until 1727, when he died suddenly, and his son, George the Second, ascended the throne. Then it was that the trouble began which led to the "Declaration of Independence."

1718 Wm. Penn died.
New Orleans founded.
1729 Baltimore founded.

George the Second started a war to drive the French out of Canada. This was in 1755. He told the colonists that they would have to help, which they willingly did, though they

had nothing whatever to gain. The colonists fought bravely, with their brothers from the mother country, and helped the British government to take Quebec and Montreal.

1732 George Washington born

1748 Paul Jones born.

The war lasted from 1755 till 1763, and was a great success. While it was going on, King George the Second, old and feeble, dropped dead on the morning of the 26th of October, 1760, and his grandson, George the Third, became King of England, at the age of twenty-two years.

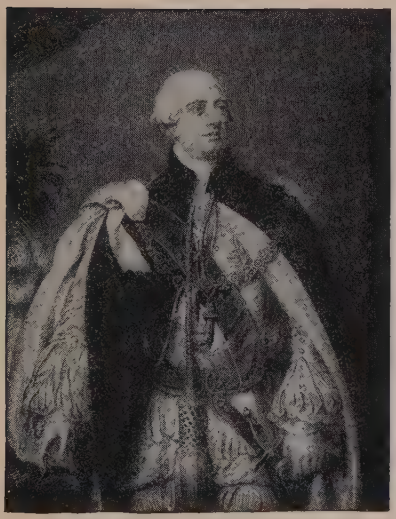
1754 Colonial Congress meets at Albany.

George the Third is the last king with whom we shall have anything to do, for before his reign was over, the thirteen colonies became an independent nation.

1759 George Washington married.

PRESERVATION OF THE CHARTER OF CONNECTICUT

1760 WHY:—CONTINUED 1775



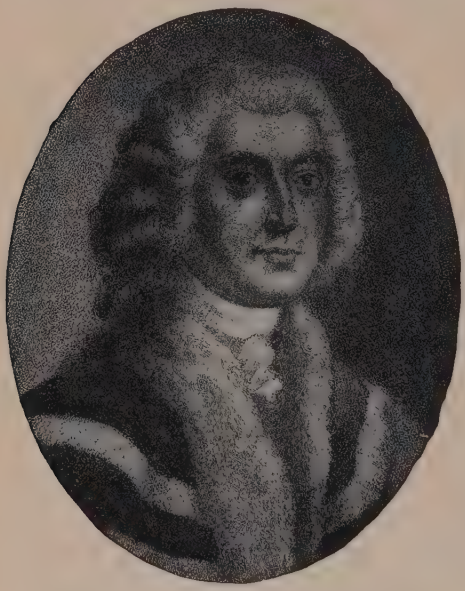
GEORGE III

THE first thing that George the Third discovered when he became king was that Great Britain needed money for the running expenses of the war which was going on. So he said to his ministers, "We will forbid the colonies to trade with any other nation but England, and then we can charge whatever we please for our goods." In other words he purposed to start a trust to bankrupt his own subjects. And the law which his obedient parliament passed accordingly was called the "Navigation Act."

1760 Montreal taken by English

"You cannot enforce it," said William Pitt, the great statesman of England.

"You will see if I can't," said the king; and he proceeded to have his parliament fix the law to his liking, and then he appointed agents to go to America and search the houses of the people for smuggled goods. These agents were supplied with documents authorizing them to go through private dwellings, and these abominable documents were called "Writs of Assistance."



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

The agents were received by the people with great indignation. Many of them were thrown out of houses, and their business became so dangerous and obnoxious that most of them gave it up.

The law was a failure, as the great men even in England knew that it would be, for when the colonists could not procure their goods at a fair and reasonable price, they began to manufacture goods of their own.

When George the Third learned of this his royal

anger knew no bounds, and he had a new law made prohibiting the colonists from making certain goods, in order to force them to buy their goods from England, They complied with the law, but did not buy from the mother country. They went without the things they needed and ordered as little as they could from England.

1763
Treaty of peace signed at Paris
Pontiac's war.
Louisiana transferred to Spain.
Florida ceded to England.

So things went on, George the Third constantly losing his temper, and the colonists constantly losing their patience, until 1763, when the war in Canada came to an end, and the colonial soldiers who had been helping the British army went back to their homes. England had secured the whole of Canada and was happy. She had waged several little wars for this purpose, and at last the province that she had sought was hers.

The year 1764 went by without much trouble, except that the colonists could not manufacture certain goods.

Early the following year a startling piece of intelligence reached the colonies. They were informed that His Royal Majesty would expect them to pay for the recent war out of their own pockets. This announcement caused great consternation. The people met in their assemblies to discuss the edict from the mother country.

1764
Brown College founded
St. Louis settled

The Massachusetts Assembly and the Virginia House of Burgesses deliberated long upon the matter, and decided that as they were not represented in the British Parliament they ought not to have to pay a tax, and that they would not do it. The idea of such a tax for such a purpose seemed preposterous.

1765 Colonial Congress meets in New York Oct. 7. Rockingham becomes Prime Minister of England

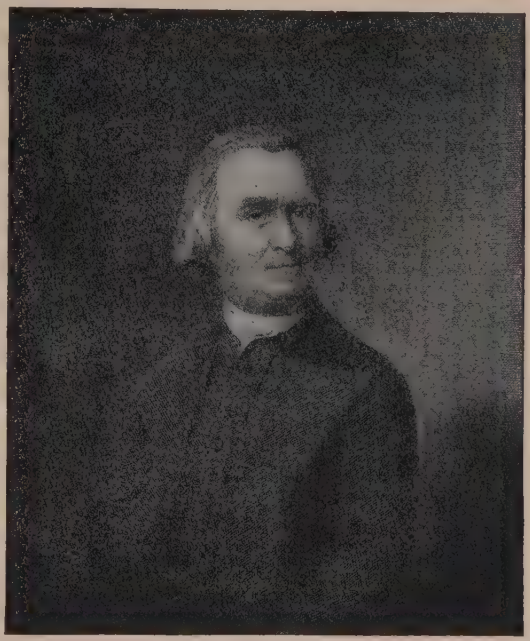
"Why, we have paid the expenses of the war already," said Benjamin Franklin, "by supplying soldiers and supporting British troops!"

So the representatives of the people decided to defy the British government and stand upon their rights. No one talked of war just then, but silently, in the midst of these events, there sprang up in the colonies a patriotic band of bold young men, who held meetings, and who called themselves the "Sons of Liberty."

Among the men whom the good people looked to for guidance in those troubles times, were Dr. Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and James Otis. But there were many other famous patriots who came later.

Seventeen sixty-five turned out to be a momentous year. The British Parliament, encouraged by the king, passed a law which is famous in American history, known as the "Stamp Act." It was a simple but ingenious device for getting money out of the colonists. "It is a new way of picking pockets," said Mr. Han-

cock. All legal documents which were used in the colonies were to be printed on stamped paper which the mother country purposed to sell to her colonial subjects.



Sam'l Adams

SAMUEL ADAMS

The injustice of this new measure caused great excitement. It sounded an alarm which echoed far and wide. It was discussed at firesides and in public places; by men and women, and by children in the schools. But the place where its discussion is best known to us was in the house of the Virginia Assembly, where young Patrick Henry, an obscure schoolmaster, denounced it. It was an exciting meeting. In the midst of his stirring speech, some member who was not brave enough to openly

oppose the king's authority called out "Treason!", and Patrick Henry paused. He sought out the member, and fixed his clear, keen eye upon him. Then he said in a voice that made the rafters of the old hall ring:—

"Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—"

"Treason!" called the voice again, but Henry continued, "and George the Third may profit by their example!"

This was indeed a treasonable utterance, for as everybody knows, Caesar and Charles the First were both assassinated.

But despite resistance in all the colonies, the obnoxious Stamp Act became a law in March, 1765, because the British government needed money.

About this time, William Pitt, the great English statesman, went to see the king.

"Don't you see that you cannot tax these people in this way?" he said.

"Yes, I can," said the king, who would never listen to reason, and the stamped paper was forthwith printed and sent to the colonies.

On the day the Stamp Act went into force, November 1, 1756, the bells were tolled in the principal towns, and the buildings were draped in black, for it was said to be the funeral of American liberty. But though the

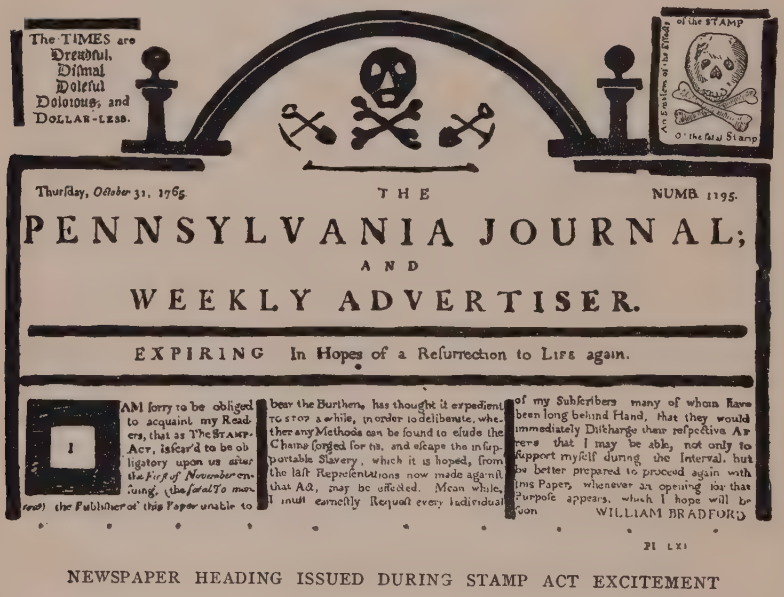
funeral was held, American liberty was by no means buried, for the people paid no attention to the law and went on using ordinary paper without any stamps. Some of the newspapers had a death's head in the place

PATRICK HENRY ADDRESSING THE VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY

where the stamp should have been, and many jokes were perpetrated at the expense of the obnoxious law.

Finally, a vessel arrived with a fresh stock of stamped paper. The Sons of Liberty held a meeting and decided that it was time for them to do something. Every agent of the crown was visited by the Sons of Liberty and asked to resign. "We will give you twenty four hours to resign, or you will be tarred and feathered,"

said they. Most of the stamp agents resigned, and others took their places. This made the Sons of Liberty furious. The idea that Americans would sell


The TIMES are Dreadful, Dismal Doleful Dolorous, and DOLLAR-LESS.

of the STAMP

An Emblem of the Effects of the fatal Stamp

Thursday, *October* 31, 1765. THE NUMB. 1195.

PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL;

AND

WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

EXPIRING In Hopes of a Resurrection to LIFE again.

I AM sorry to be obliged to acquaint my Readers, that as The STAMP-ACT, is/car'd to be obligatory upon us after the *First of November* ensuing, (the *fatal To morrow*) the Publisher of this Paper unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient to stop a while, in order to deliberate, whether any Methods can be found to elude the Chains forged for us, and escape the insupportable Slavery, which it is hoped, from the last Representations now made against that Act, may be effected. Mean while, I must earnestly Request every individual of my Subscribers many of whom have been long behind Hand, that they would immediately Discharge their respective Arrears that I may be able, not only to support myself during the Interval, but be better prepared to proceed again with this Paper, whenever an opening for that Purpose appears, which I hope will be soon

WILLIAM BRADFORD

NEWSPAPER HEADING ISSUED DURING STAMP ACT EXCITEMENT

stamps and help the unjust law! The Sons of Liberty made an effigy of a stamp agent and hung it to a tree. "You'd better take that away before the stamp agent sees it," said some timid people, but instead of doing that, the Sons of Liberty took the effigy and beheaded it and made a bonfire of the pieces.

"That is what we'll do to the stamp agent if he tries to sell his paper here," said they, and the next thing

they heard the stamp agent in that locality had resigned.

Then came the Stamp Act riots. The paper was seized and burned, stamp agents were assaulted, and thrown about, and ridiculed, until their lives became miserable. The Sons of Liberty marched about the little towns, burned the houses of stamp agents, took the money which had been paid for stamps, and hurled it in the streets.

When George the Third learned of these things, he stormed about and denounced the colonists, and called them rebels and traitors. Then he cooled down and sent for William Pitt, whom he respected but did not like.

STAMPS

"I think this law is a failure," said he, when the great statesman stood before him.

"It deserves to be," said William Pitt.

"Have you heard of the way these ungrateful Americans have been acting?" asked the king.

"I have," said William Pitt, "it is just what I expected."

Then King George began to realize that there was nothing to do but to repeal the Stamp Act; that it was useless to print stamped paper for the Americans to kindle bonfires with. And all his sympathetic ministers

thought the same. Besides this the illustrious Franklin had gone to England to see what he could do to get the law repealed. He and William Pitt became great friends, and finally through their efforts, and the efforts

EDMUND BURKE

of some other splendid Englishmen, like Edmund Burke, the cruel Stamp Act was repealed in March, 1776, amid universal joy.

But Great Britain's debt was still unpaid; she had no money with which to pay it, and scarcely had another year gone by, when King George and his advisors cast their eyes across the broad Atlantic once again to see if

they could not discover some new means of compelling the American subjects to reimburse the empty treasury. And in doing this, they noticed that if there was one thing more than another which the Americans enjoyed, it was tea. So the king notified his parliament that he would like to tax the Americans for all the tea that they received, and a law to that effect was passed accordingly in June, 1767.

1767 France sends De Kalb as secret agent to observe conditions in colonies.

Besides the tax on the tea, there was also a tax imposed on white lead, paint, paper, glass, wine, oil, and fruits—though the tea tax was the one from which the British government hoped to reap the largest revenue. The mother country reminded the colonists that the tax was very light, and that they ought to behave themselves and pay it.

"It is not taxation that we object to," said the colonists, "but taxation without representation."

It was not money but a principal for which they were contending—they wanted a voice in making the laws which concerned them.

"Who ever heard of colonies being represented in the British Parliament? Who ever heard of farmers and settlers and such people sitting in the house of Commons?" said the king.

"Whoever heard of a great nation being supported

by her young colonies?" said the Sons of Liberty. And time went on and the people in the colonies—especially in New England—refused to import the goods which were subject to taxation.

Besides these tax laws was another which the British Parliament had passed, and this is how it read:—

"That New York shall pass no laws until she has promised beds, candles, fire, vinegar, and salt for the British troops."

This law created great excitement and anger in the New York colony, particularly among the Sons of Liberty.

"Why should we supply these British troops with salt and candles and beds and fire, and why should they have our vinegar? What are they doing here anyway? There is no war! Their presence is an insult!" said the members of that patriotic band.

So the Provincial Congress in New York passed a resolution not to supply the British troops, and His Majesty's soldiers had to do without free beds and salt and candles and fire and vinegar!

Meanwhile the manufacturers and dealers in England were beginning to worry because they could not get rid of their goods. The colonial people would not buy them British storehouses were getting full of tea

Just so sure as an American merchant tried to sell any imported goods he was boycotted by the Sons of Liberty, and the finger of scorn and derision pointed at him.

Before long the merchants of Great Britain began to clamor and complain, and finally the tax was removed from one article, then from another, until finally there was no tax on anything but tea.

And still the tea kept piling up in Great Britain, in warehouses and on piers, and the American people would not buy it. They made tea from various herbs, especially sassafras—and cambrick tea, a nauseous combination of peppermint and hot milk became unusually popular as a substitute in Boston.

"They are not so fond of tea as you thought they were," said Dr. Franklin.

But George the Third decided to keep the tax on tea just to show his power and authority. It had become a matter of spite. This, however, did not worry the American people. It worried the London merchants who had 700,000 pounds of tea on their hands. The tea merchants in India said to the London merchants, "Why don't you buy our tea?"

"How can we," they replied, "what would we do with it?"

Finally things came to a crisis. King George lost

his temper completely. Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts had been writing him letters telling him about the wicked things the Sons of Liberty were doing, and sending him some of the rebellious handbills which the colonial people had been passing around.

GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON OF MASSACHUSETTS

"What can be done," said His Majesty, "to curb this rebellious spirit?"

"Give them representation in Parliament," said Pitt and Burke and other sensible Englishmen.

But any suggestion of colonial representation made the king furious, and he stormed about, and did the

worst thing imaginable. He ordered General Gage, with some British troops, to go to Boston and frighten the people into obedience and submission. When the troops arrived, the General demanded food and shelter for his men.

"Don't give them any!" said the Sons of Liberty, and so the English soldiers were compelled to camp on Boston Common.

1768
Massachusetts sends letter to other colonies asking aid and co-operation.
The Romney affair—sloop belonging to John Hancock captured by British vessel.
Convention of Massachusetts towns held in Boston.
1769
Daniel Boone explores Kentucky

It was against the law of England to quarter these troops within the city limits, and the king knew it, but he did not care; he was going to intimidate the people, and break up the Sons of Liberty at any cost. But instead of being intimidated, the people began to organize a colonial army, and the members of this force were called the "minute men," because they were supposed to be ready, at a minute's notice, to march forth. Of course the Sons of Liberty joined this patriotic army.

On Monday evening, March 5, 1770, some of the British soldiers started down the street in search of trouble. Before long they met some Sons of Liberty who were talking in a group.

"What are you doing here?" said the red-coats.

"Can't you see what we are doing?" said the Sons.

"Get off the walk!" shouted the Britishers.

Then some names were called, and there was a scuffle, and the troops marched on. A little later a British sentinel stopped some boys in King street.

"Who goes there?" called the sentinel.

"We," said the boys.

"Go back!" said the sentinel.

"Go back yourself!" said the boys.

Then the sentinel gave an alarm, and out rushed a company of British regulars. Then, to protect themselves, the boys picked up lumps of ice, and hurled them at the redcoats. Soon a large crowd gathered, and ice and snow were thrown, and there were high words between the people and the soldiers. Suddenly Captain Preston, of the British regiment, came rushing out to know what noise and trouble were about.

1770 North Carolina settled. Lord North becomes Prime Minister of England

"It is those cursed rebels!" said one of his men.

The captain called for a musket, and ordered eight of his men to follow him. Out among the crowd they marched, and the people scattered.

"Fire if you dare!" called many citizens.

"They will not dare to fire!" said others.

"They will not shoot at British subjects!" called one man.

But they did fire, and spilled the blood of their colonial brothers. They took a very careful aim, and

as they shot, eleven people fell, some dead, some wounded, and after that the British soldiers marched back to their barracks. Then people rushed from houses, and bells tolled, and the city became ablaze

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

with light. And women. wringing their hands and weeping, came and bent over the prostrate forms of those they loved, and strong men carried the dead and dying to their homes; and the Sons of Liberty gathered in the public places, in twos and threes, and discussed what had occurred, as the night wore away, for it was

the first blood shed in the grand old War of Independence. And it is called the Boston Massacre.

1771
Trouble between Gov. Tryon and citizens in North Carolina.

Immediately after this, Samuel Adams, Boston's grand old patriot, demanded that the redcoat regiments be instantly withdrawn from the city, and General Gage, very anxious over what had just occurred, transferred them to an island in Boston Harbor.

1772
British revenue schooner *Gaspé* burned by citizens of Rhode Island

Meanwhile, His Royal Majesty was resolved to force the people of America to buy tea. So he instructed the merchants to load their vessels, and set sail for the colonies, where he had appointed royal agents to receive the unwelcome cargoes. So in the autumn of 1773, several vessels started for Boston, Charleston, New York, and Philadelphia. In Charleston the tea was landed, but no one would buy it, and it spoiled. At New York and Philadelphia the tea ships were forbidden to enter the harbor.

In the latter part of November, in the year 1773, the ship Dartmouth sailed into Boston Harbor, and made her way to Griffin's wharf.

"I am ordered to land this cargo of tea," said the captain.

"The people of Massachusetts forbid you to do it," said the Boston authorities, and Minute Men were

DESTRUCTION OF THE SCHOONER *GASPÉ* IN RHODE ISLAND WATERS, 1772

stationed near the wharf to see that no tea was landed. The law provided that all vessels should unload within twenty days, but the captain could not comply with this requirement, for the Minute Men would not let him. So nineteen days passed by, and Governor Hutchinson did not dare to land the tea, nor would he send it back to Europe. The vessel could not return to England without the governor's pass, and this he would not give.

On the last day, the 16th of December, a great meeting was called in the Old South Church. It lasted throughout the day. At that vast gathering, Samuel Adams presided, and during the session it was decided

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, THE SCENE OF MANY PATRIOTIC MEETINGS

to send a messenger to Governor Hutchinson for a pass to send the vessel back to Europe. All through the long afternoon they waited for the messenger to return but he did not reach the meeting until night. And then he rushed in, breathless.

"The governor refuses the pass," said he, "and denounces you for the insulting request!"

"Then," said Samuel Adams, rising up, and speaking so that he might be heard in the farthest corner of the old church, "this meeting can do no more to save the country!"

Just then a wild, uncanny sound was heard. It was echoed by another.

"Sh!" said one of the audience," See there, they are the Sons of Liberty disguised as Indians!" And as this person spoke, a score of painted savages could be

THE SPILLING OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR

seen gathering at the main door, and talking in hurried whispers. And then they started down the street, with many a war whoop and savage yell, until they reached the vessel that was moored at Griffin's wharf. And then they boarded her, and as they disappeared within the hold, a vast crowd watched them from the wharf.

In a moment a great cask came tumbling from the vessel's deck and splashed into the water, and then another, and another, and then the tea come pouring loose into the water until the harbor of good old rebel Boston was a vast tea-pot; and then the multitude went quietly to their homes, and the Sons of Liberty washed the paint from their faces amid much merry laughter.

The next morning some citizens along the beach at Dorchester picked up some stringy subtance which they thought was sea-weed, and some one tasted it and made a wry face, "For," said he, "it tastes like salted tea!"

When the king learned of this spilling of the tea, he ordered the port of Boston closed, and the custom house was removed to Salem. But Salem would have nothing to do with it. The news of the Boston Tea party had spread throughout the colonies, and messages of congratulation came from Virginia and New York. Then the king ordered his troops back into Boston, and instructed General Gage to enforce his royal will at the point of the bayonet. At this news the truth dawned at last upon the people of the thirteen colonies that peace was impossible. There was no longer any hope of justice from the mother country. The purpose of King George was laid bare; the mighty arm

1774
General Gage becomes military Governor of Massachusetts
First Continental Congress meets at Philadelphia Sept. 5.
King refuses to remove Gov. Hutchinson.
Gage fortifies Boston and seizes powder in Charlestown.

of the British Empire was stretched out to crush the children of the Pilgrim Fathers.

On the night of the 18th of April, 1775, General Gage despatched a regiment of British regulars to destroy a stock of military stores, which the colonial people had accumulated at Concord. Two hours before these Royal troops marched forth, Paul Revere was sent toward Concord and Lexington on a fast horse to notify the citizens of the approach of the British and to spread the alarm.

As the British troops passed out of Boston, on that glorious and momentous night, Joseph Warren, a staunch and splendid patriot, was watching them. And turning to a citizen who was standing near, he said, "Something is going to happen."

And he was right; for something did happen the very next day.

The Midnight Ride of PAUL REVERE

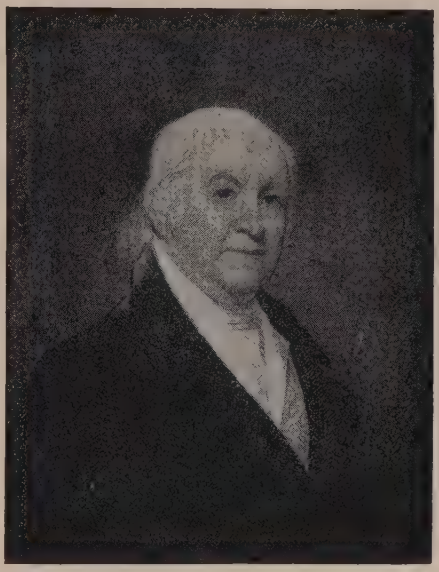
THE ALARM

It has been stated that two hours before the departure of the British troops from Boston, that is, at about ten o'clock, p.m. Paul Revere started toward Lexington on a fast horse. As the patriotic work which he did that night is one of the most stirring and important incidents in our country's history, it will be well to review it a little in detail.

Paul Revere was an engraver by trade and an enthusiastic member of the Sons of Liberty in Boston, where he had grown up. He was one of the moving spirits of the Boston Tea Party and it is to his deft and skilful hand that we are indebted for many old pictures of colonial times. He it was who engraved the plates for the first paper currency used in Massachusetts.

In the year 1775 he was thirty-nine years old, impetuous, patriotic and courageous. For several months previous to April he had been watching the British regiments which were encamped on Boston Common.

He had patrolled the streets at night with several of his friends in expectation of seeing the red-coat army make some move. For if the soldiers under General Gage should march forth, this loyal citizen wanted to know it without delay.



Paul Revere

PAUL REVERE IN HIS OLD AGE

General Gage had already fortified Boston Neck, the narrow strip of land which connected the city with the mainland, so that it was impossible for any one to leave the town by land except with kind permission of General Gage. In those days Boston was a knob on the end of a long handle but the handle has been so filled in since then that it is as wide as the city itself and old Boston Neck is no more.

Owing to these military preparations by the British general, and to a score of other little reasons, the citizens

were suspicious lest the royal troops should make some unexpected move and take them unawares.

On Sunday the 15th of April, Joseph Warren sent for Paul Revere and asked him to take a message to John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were attending the Massachusetts convention in Concord. Paul Revere made the trip by day, delivered the message, told the members of the convention about the conduct of the British troops, and then returned leisurely to Boston, a distance of about twelve miles. He did not know that in three days he would make a more exciting journey over this same road.

On the afternoon of April the 18th, the British regiments seemed to be bustling about in their camp, and their movements and mysterious preparations created great excitement among the citizens. There was a widespread suspicion that they were getting ready to march toward Concord that night; and indeed there were two reasons why this seemed likely to be true. First, there was, as has been said, a stock of military stores at that place—or so the British general thought, though in reality these stores had been distributed through several towns as a precaution after Paul Revere's visit on the previous Sunday. The other reason was that King George the Third had ordered Hancock and Adams arrested and sent to England for treason,

and it was supposed that General Gage intended to proceed toward Concord to effect their capture

So when the British regiments began moving on the afternoon of the 18th, Joseph Warren, who was the principal public spirit in the absence of Hancock and Adams, sent again for Paul Revere, and told him that he thought the people at Lexington and Concord should be warned.

Then it was that Paul Revere betook himself to the Old North Church which still stands at the foot of Copp's Hill, on whose ancient summit many a sturdy patriot lies buried, and arranged with the loyal old sexton to hang a lantern in the tower of the church if the British should march from town that night, the understanding being that one lantern should mean that the royal troops had gone by land, and two lanterns that they had gone by water—that is whether they had marched along Boston Neck or crossed the Charles River to Cambridge. Having arranged this code of signals, the daring Paul Revere crossed over to Charlestown in a little row boat and passed within a few feet of a British man-of-war. But as the magic pen of the poet Longfellow has described the work our hero did that night, I will step aside and let you listen to his wondrous lines, and you will find me waiting for you on the green at Lexington when you arrive.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

BY LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April in 'Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,

The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch,
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A *second* lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;

. . . . . .

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

. . . . . .

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will awaken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

We have now seen the reasons why the American colonies were dissatisfied with English rule, and why they finally gave up pleading and waiting and began to fight. The causes of the glorious conflict which we are going to follow lasted over a period of more than ninety years, but the fight itself covered a period of only seven years, and we are going to review the happenings of these seven years, each year by itself.

These seven years of fighting make a glorious story, a story that every girl and boy should know and remember with pride. And because they make a splendid story I am going to tell them to you in story form.

It has not been very often that the history of a nation's birth has been attended with such stirring circumstances and noble sacrifices as the birth of this land of ours. The fight which made us independent was fought, not by dry historic personages with whom it is hard to get

acquainted and whom it is uninteresting to know, but by living men and women, as we shall see.

If you had lived in those stirring and eventful times you would probably have had a lively interest in the things which were going on, and if I can succeed in giving you a vivid, clear, and truthful picture of what took place in those exciting years, then your interest in them should be quite as lively now.

So, wishing you a pleasant journey through these pages, I present to you

THE STORY OF A FIGHT.

as it took place in the seven years which mark the grand old war for Independence.

THE FIGHT BEGINS

THE morning of the 1st of January, in the year 1775, dawned dull and cold. Long afterward it was remarked that the year came in in a rage and went out in a rage. The year 1775 certainly had important matters to attend to in the thirteen colonies of America, and the year 1775 did not lose much time in getting down to business.

On the 11th day of January, South Carolina organized a provincial congress to make laws and resolutions, and on the very next day, Georgia assembled her local congress for the same purpose. All through the thirteen colonies the legislative committees began to urge the people to raise troops, and military companies sprang up everywhere.

JAN. 20 William Pitt in Parliament advises recall of troops from Boston.

You know already the events which had been occurring in Boston and New York. On January the 26th, the Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, made up of representatives from many of the colonies, petitioned the king for more reasonable laws and for a discontinuance of oppressive measures. At this King George the Third became furious, for he thought that the grievances were on the other side.

FEB. 20
Lord North offers bill in Parliament to limit Colonial trade to Great Britain.

On February the 1st, the Massachusetts Provincial Congress met at Cambridge, near Boston, in the interest of the people of that colony.

On February the 9th, King George first listened to an address from some of his advisors recommending appropriations to put down what they called "the rebellion in America." He had already manifested his inclination to such a move.

On the 6th of March, there came the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, and the sad memory of that cruel outrage rekindled much anger in the Northern colonies.

MARCH 21
Bill passed depriving New England of fisheries

On the 16th of March, Delaware came to the front by sending delegates to the Continental Congress. On March the 20th, Virginia did the same thing. On the 5th of April, North Carolina held a provincial assembly to consider whether

she had better send delegates to the Continental Congress—and decided that she would. So that all things considered, a central government at Philadelphia was rapidly being formed, though the good people talked very little about the question of independence. That came later.

APRIL 1 Daniel Boone erects fort in Kentucky

In the midst of these events the people of Boston, as we know, were much exercised over the presence of the British troops within their city. Finally on the night of April the 18th, Paul Revere rode madly through the Middlesex country to notify the people to be "up in arms," that the British were marching toward Concord.

APRIL 15 Gage ordered to take possession Colonial forts.

It was past two in the morning when he reached the home of the Rev. Jonas Clarke in Lexington where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping peacefully.

"The family have retired," said a servant "and I am instructed not to allow them to be disturbed by any noise."

"Noise!" exclaimed Revere; "You'll have noise enough before long; the Regulars are coming out." He was then allowed to knock, and Mr. Clarke opened the window and called out, "Who is there?"

"I want to see Mr. Hancock," said Revere.

"I do not like to admit strangers in the night,"

replied the cautious parson. But Hancock, who had been wakened by the noise, recognizing the voice, called out, "Come in, Revere, we are not afraid of *you*."

Revere's story was soon told and all the household was astir. Another messenger who had followed Paul Revere from Boston by another road—a man named Dawes—soon arrived, and he and Paul Revere rode swiftly on toward Concord. They were soon overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott, a friend, and the three rode on together when suddenly Revere, who was a little in the lead, was surrounded by some British officers and he, with Dawes, was made a prisoner. Prescott darted over a stone wall and escaped. The officers plied Revere with questions, but he gave evasive answers. He was threatened with pistol balls when he told the officers that the whole country up to where they stood had been aroused. Just then a church bell was heard, then another, and Paul Revere called out,

"The bells are ringing—the town is alarmed—you are dead men!" and the frightened officers left their prisoners and fled toward Boston.

Before long other bells began to ring, and signal guns to peal, and lights to appear, as the flying riders sped along. They passed Lexington Green where already a little band of Minute Men were mustering. Doors opened and women rushed forth bearing children in

their arms, to seek some place of safety. Men, half clothed, came running madly out to hear the warning which was being spread abroad.

On through the pleasant Middlesex country in the darkness came the British Regulars, 600 strong, pressing on toward Lexington. At their head was Major Pitcairn, with a soldierly and fearless air.

There in the pale light of the breaking morning, on the village green, stood seventy men under Captain Parker who had gathered there after the warning spread by Paul Revere. They were plain men, unused to war; they had no uniforms to speak of nor tinselled epaulettes. They were clad in simple homespun which their sisters and their wives had made. But it was noticed that they wore no jackets and that they had their sleeves rolled up.

"Do not fire until you are fired upon," said Captain Parker, "but if they want a war, let it begin here!"

At five o'clock the British troops came in sight. Their red uniforms shone glaring in the breaking sunlight. Nearer and nearer they came as the little band of country patriots waited. When the regulars had reached the green, their leader Pitcairn rode up and shouted,

"Disperse, ye villains! Throw down your arms, ye rebels, and disperse!"

But the Minute Men did not stir. Pitcairn then discharged his pistol and in a loud voice called out, "Fire!"

Instantly the red-coats sent a volley among the patriots, and sixteen, nearly a quarter of their whole number,

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

fell dead or wounded. The others, on their own impulse, fired a few random shots and then dispersed.

The British now pressed triumphantly on to Concord, ten miles further along the road. But the military stores which they sought there had been hidden, and they contented themselves with setting fire to the Court

House, cutting down the Liberty Pole, breaking open a few barrels of flour, and frightening the women and children of the village.

Off in the distance, across the Concord River, rose a green hill, and from this eminence the patriots who were gathering there could see the red-coats in possession of their town. They had retreated to this hill on the advance of the British regiments in order that they might have time to receive reinforcements from the country roundabout them. But they now saw that their homes below were completely at the mercy of the British, for a company of two hundred regulars had been stationed at the bridge across the stream.

From this slope the sturdy Minute Men and farmers watched the burning of their meeting-house while their number gradually increased. From this hill could they see the British soldiers at guard upon the old bridge. And so they watched and waited as their number grew, until the rustic army, swelled by reinforcements, was four hundred strong.

Then it was that Col. Barret ordered the patriots to march. As the British soldiers saw them coming they started to destroy the bridge. At this the Minute Men rushed forward rapidly to save it. And then the British fired, killing one of the patriot officers, Col. Isaac Davis.

THE STRUGGLE ON CONCORD BRIDGE

"Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" shouted Major Butterick of the patriot forces. And then the little Continental army fired, and three red-coated British regulars fell dead at Concord Bridge.

Following up their advantage the Americans pressed forward, and driving the British before them, took possession of the bridge which belonged to them.

And there upon that rustic structure which the British soldiers had just deserted, stood the gallant Minute Men and farmers, who, armed with the mighty power of a righteous cause, had won the first decisive victory in the grand old War of Independence.

It was at that bridge near Concord that the good old fight began in earnest; it was there at that wooden crossing which spanned the languid Concord River that the glorious struggle started which ended on a field at Yorktown!

Retreating rapidly through Concord village, the routed soldiery of George the Third pressed on to Lexington, the scene of their little victory of a few short hours before. Here they were reinforced by other regiments which had come from Boston, but the reinforcements joined in the retreat and the entire red-coat force marched rapidly toward Boston.

It was a difficult and perilous retreat. Hidden behind rocks, trees, fences, barns, the patriots poured a constant and relentless fire upon the thinning ranks of the humiliated enemy. It seemed as if Americans had dropped from the clouds. "The woods," said a British officer, "were swarming with rebels!" Rushing before this storm of shot along the Boston road, assailed from every side by the aroused and furious colonists, leaving a trail of dead behind them as they rushed along, the regiments reached Charlestown Neck, disheveled and humiliated and forlorn, and crossed over to Boston on the following morning. The patriots had lost 104 men, the British 273. Such was the battle of Concord, a little skirmish on a rustic bridge and a disgraceful

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH FROM CONCORD

retreat; a little skirmish which had a greater meaning than the battle of Waterloo!

The battle of Concord electrified the country. The colonies began to realize their power. Within a few days, an army of 20,000 men had gathered around Boston. A line of entrenchments enclosing the city was thrown up as if by magic. Encouraged by their success at Concord, the patriots now talked of driving Gage and his troops into the sea. It was a tumultuous camp. To this great patriotic camp came men from every quarter of the New England country. John Stark came marching down with his New Hampshire militia; Israel Putnam in a leather waistcoat, had heard the news while working on his

April 23 News of battle of Lexington reaches New York.

farm, and, mounting a horse, came dashing into Cambridge. From Rhode Island came the peerless Nathaniel Greene, and from New Haven came the impetuous Benedict Arnold with the Provincials of Connecticut to swell the mighty encampment. Out from Chester County, Pennsylvania, came Mad Anthony Wayne in a dirty red silk hat and followed by a roaring boisterous band of volunteers. From the hills and valleys of New England and New York, the patriots came in hundreds. Armed and unarmed they clamored about their leaders who were trying to organize this vast increasing force.

April 30 Lord Mayor of London protests against injustice to American Colonies

Looking from his quarters in the city the British general could see that the gathering legions of indignant colonists were making a mouse-trap out of good old Boston. From the cage in which he had been enclosed, he put forth his hand and offered to forgive the patriots if they would promise to behave. But the hour for forgiveness was past. The leader who had terrified and intimidated Boston by his presence was now a prisoner within it—he was surrounded by a vast host, and His Majesty's fair port of Boston was in a state of siege.

It happened that at the time of these stirring events there lived among the rugged mountains of Vermont an audacious patriot named Ethan Allen. He was a farmer by calling and a fighter by disposition, and he

had collected about him a rugged band of mountaineers who were a sort of country militia, and were called the Green Mountain Boys.

At the foot of Lake Champlain, in the Adirondacks, stood the old fortress of Ticonderoga, an English stronghold, garrisoned by a regiment of British regulars. Nestling as it did among the rugged hills and far away from the tumultuous scenes described, Ticonderoga seemed free from danger of attack.

MAY 2
New Jersey calls Provincial Congress.

But the colony of Connecticut had long had an eye on Ticonderoga and no sooner had her reckless son, young Col. Arnold, reached the camp in Cambridge than the project of taking this grim old fortress of the north began to be discussed. Before long he was authorized to set out for Ticonderoga to oust the British regiment which was stationed there and take possession of the fort. But before the young Colonel of Connecticut had reached the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, Ethan Allen, who had an old grudge against Ticonderoga and its proud young red-coats, had decided to take it himself and make a present of it to the thirteen colonies. So he gathered his Green Mountain Boys about him and set out for the old fort, which they reached on the morning of the 10th of May, just as the sun

MAY 29
Congress asks co-operation of Canada.

JUNE 2
South Carolina pledges herself to Colonial liberty.

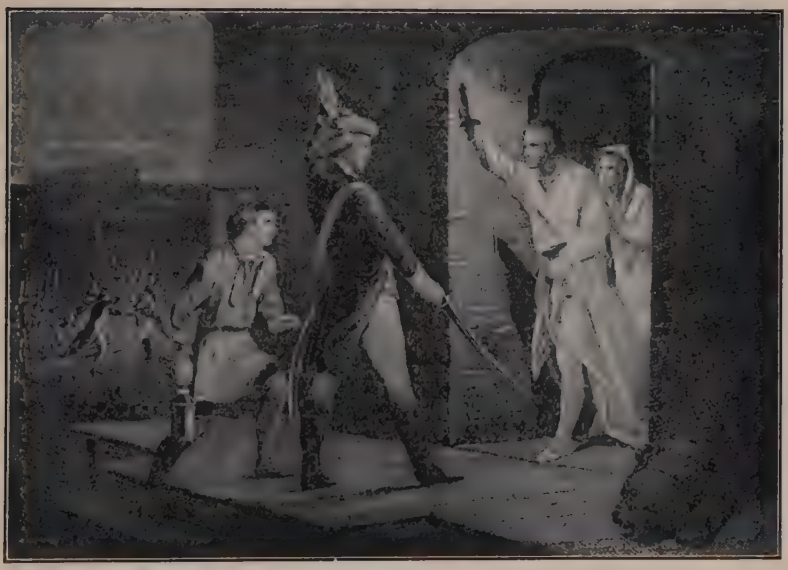
broke forth in all its splendor over the placid bosom of Lake Champlain and shed its lustre down upon the Adirondack Mountains. The little band of farmers crossed the lake in row-boats and canoes and hurrying through a little grove of trees to where the fortress stood, knocked down the astonished sentinel, and boldly marched inside. The garrison was taken completely by surprise, they had no more expected an enemy than they had expected the sky to fall. And such an enemy! A band of burly farmers with rusty guns. Stamping boldly up the winding stairs to the apartment of young Captain Delaplace, who opened his door in great astonishment, Ethan Allen thundered out his demand for the instant surrender of the fort.

"In whose name?" shrieked Delaplace.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" roared Ethan Allen, and Delaplace, looking down the stairs and seeing a few men collected there, imagined that there were many more, and surrendered old Ticonderoga to the burly Ethan Allen and his rustic band. Several days later, Crown Point, another fortress seven miles above was captured in the same way. Benedict Arnold was present at this remarkable affair, and he went back to the camp at Cambridge filled with a project which the sturdy mountaineers had suggested and outlined, a bold and hazard-

ous enterprise indeed, the invasion and conquest of Canada. But nothing was done in this direction until several months had passed.

On the very day that Ethan Allen was shouting the



CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA

name of the Continental Congress so that the corridors of old Ticonderoga echoed back his words, that patriotic body was assembling in old Independence Hall at Philadelphia.

As we know, the army which was besieging Boston had no leader, or rather had too many leaders, and the

Congress intended among other things to appoint a commander for all the military forces. To that important session came Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. There in that glorious old cradle of American liberty was drawn up one last appeal to King George the Third for Colonial rights, but it proved to be a useless supplication. And there in that old hall John Adams rose and placed in nomination the name of George Washington for commander-in-chief of all the Continental forces. As he did so, the man whom he was praising, a tall and thoughtful figure, rose and left the hall. And meeting Patrick Henry in the corridor, he said,

"I fear that this will mark the downfall of my reputation."

But for once George Washington was wrong. It did not mark the downfall of his reputation. On the 5th of June, his nomination was confirmed by Congress, and the man who had been a young surveyor in Virginia was called upon to bear upon his shoulders as great a burden as man has ever borne.

On the 25th of May, Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, had arrived at the besieged city of Boston, and were very much amazed at the vast array of

"rebels" which surrounded it. They had brought with them powerful reinforcements, so that the British army in America became 10,000 strong. Soon it was rumored around Boston and vicinity that the British troops were about to sally forth to burn some "rebel" villages and pillage the neighboring country. At the news of this the Continental leaders decided on an important move.

On the night of June the 16th, 1,300 men under Col. William Prescott set out from Cambridge at one o'clock, after a prayer by Dr. Langdon, president of Harvard College, and silently moved over the Charlestown Neck and out to Breed's Hill, an eminence in the centre of the Charlestown peninsula, and nearer to Boston than Bunker's Hill, another eminence not far away. It had been decided to fortify Breed's Hill.

There in the dim moonlight they worked silently and steadily until dawn, so silently that not even the sentinels in the ships below them, whose voices they could plainly hear calling, "All's well," knew of their presence, until when morning came and the astonished sentinels raised their eyes, there on the summit of Breed's Hill, reared as if by magic, stood a fortification six feet high!

Without waiting for orders the ships opened fire, but the Americans, safe in their unfinished fortress, worked busily on, heedless of the fire.

Meanwhile the officers in Boston, roused by the cannonading from the ships, held a consultation and decided to oust the Americans from their position, without delay. The magical entrenchments which had sprung up in the night like mushrooms were a puzzle to them. Twenty-five hundred troops, under command of Generals Gage and Howe, crossed the Charles River, and prepared for an assault. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the British, reinforced to the number of 3,000, moved up Breed's Hill and opened fire. To their utter astonishment there was complete silence from the patriots above them. The American band, reinforced by Dr. Warren, Putnam, and the New Hampshire regiments under Stark and Ward, were under orders not to fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. Suddenly as the British neared the redoubt, up rose 1,500 patriotic colonists, and sent such a relentless storm of bullets into the British lines that whole companies were cut down. It was like a shower from the clouds.

Rallying his forces, Howe made a second assault, and was again driven back with great loss. General Clinton from Copp's Hill, near the old North Church

THE BATTLE OF BREED'S HILL

where Paul Revere had caused the signal lanterns to be hung two months before, seeing the repulse of the British, hurried across to join Howe, and the red-coats again marched up the slope. A third time that gallant band of patriots sent its volley into the enemy's lines. But now the American ammunition was exhausted, and the British pushing forward, were met by the Americans in a hand-to-hand encounter with clubbed muskets and bayonets. Fighting bravely, the patriots were driven from their entrenchments, and retreated, after a gallant struggle of two long hours, over Charlestown Neck, pursued by cannon-balls from the British men-of-war, and took refuge on Prospect Hill. The

last man to leave the work was Dr. Joseph Warren, who was struck and killed by a British bullet as he was trying to join General Putnam on Bunker's Hill. He was one of the two great martyrs who laid down their lives that year in the cause of freedom, The other we shall meet presently. The Americans lost 450 men in this desperate battle, and the British paid for their victory with the lives of 1,050 of their soldiers.

JUNE 12
Gage declares martial law.

JULY 6
Declaration of war issued.

On the second of July, General Washington, with his secretary and military aide, arrived in Cambridge, after a triumphal journey from Philadelphia. As he passed through New York and the New England country, on the way to take command, the enthusiastic people gathered about the little party to get a glimpse of the man who had undertaken the mighty task of combating the British Empire.

JULY 21
Congress thanks people of Ireland for sympathy.

AUG. 1
Congress adjourns.

AUG. 24
Dr. Franklin suggests plan for Confederation of Colonies.

On the 4th of July, a detachment of the Continental Army gathered about a spreading elm tree at Cambridge, and beneath the boughs of that venerable landmark, General Washington's commission was read aloud and he formally took command of all the Continental forces of America. It was still one even year before the Declaration of Independence; though

AUG. 31
Gage cuts down liberty tree in Boston.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN

The most distinguished of the patriots who laid down their lives at Breed's Hill.

two months before, a convention of delegates in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, had assembled at Charlotte, and issued a little declaration of their own which is known as the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

SEPT. 13 Arnold sets out for Canada.

The eyes of the whole country now turned toward Canada, whose people had declined an invitation from the Continental Congress to join the fight against Great Britain. The capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen had opened the way for a campaign in the far north, and the continental authorities decided that if Canada were not on one side she must be on the other—and she turned out to be on the other.

SEPT. 30 Stonington bombarded by British.

In August an elaborate plan was drawn up in Congress for the conquest of Canada. Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, with 2,000 men, were to advance to Lake Champlain, and thence to Montreal, which they were to capture and occupy. Meanwhile Col. Benedict Arnold was to lead a division through the woods of Maine, to surprise and take Quebec, and occupy that formidable and ancient stronghold.

OCT. 3 Plan for forming a navy discussed.

OCT. 7 Bristol bombarded

In September the division under Schuyler and Montgomery reached Ticonderoga, where General Schuyler was taken ill, and on the shoulders of the brave Mont-

gomery—an Irishman by birth and a veteran of the French and Indian war—fell the burden of this perilous northern enterprise.

GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY

In October General Montgomery was ploughing his way through the snow to Montreal. At Chambly they attacked a British garrison which surrendered, and proceeded on their difficult march to the St. Lawrence.

In November they besieged a British garrison at St. Johns, which also surrendered, and the victorious troops pressed on toward the great Canadian city. Toward the end of November they reached Montreal, and the

citizens, at heart friendly, threw open the gates of the old city, and the American forces, freezing and starving, marched in.

Meanwhile the other division under Arnold had reached Quebec, but the citizens would not surrender their town. The forlorn army which had made its way through the woods of Maine encamped a little distance from the thick-walled town, and waited for Montgomery and his troops from Montreal.

Finally Montgomery arrived, and on the night of the 31st of December it was planned to ascend the heights on which the city stood and take the town by storm. Already they had had to battle with a more relentless enemy than any military band, for the northern winter had assailed them with its storm and wind until the Army of the North had been reduced to a little band of sick and starving men. But treachery, too, connived to seal their fate, for a Canadian who had joined the forces of Montgomery deserted, and rushing into Quebec notified the citizens of the approach of the Americans.

Nov. 1 Hessians sent by Great Britain.

Thus warned, the Canadian garrison was prepared to meet the assailants who were climbing up the rugged heights to take the town by storm.

The Americans advanced in two divisions, one led by Arnold and the other by Montgomery. It was on

the steep incline which General Montgomery's division had ascended that a little band of British soldiers, concealed within a wooden block-house, waited for the patriots to advance. And it was before that block-house that the brave and gallant leader, with several of his men, fell before a volley from the soldiers who had waited in secrecy on that steep and winding path.

Arnold, ignorant of what had happened, fought his way into the lower town beneath the hill, and was wounded and carried to the rear. Captain Morgan, who succeeded him, led his brave band further and further along the dangerous and narrow streets until he was overwhelmed by the aroused soldiers of the city, and forced to surrender.

While he was fighting his way through the crowded precincts of the old Canadian city, and while General Montgomery still lay in his winding robe of snow upon the steep ascent which led into the upper town, while the British army was still besieged in Boston, and while the people of the thirteen colonies, ignorant of what had happened on that fearful night, were sleeping peacefully throughout the land, the year 1775 passed into history and the year 1776 came roaring in, in the midst of a blinding storm.

WE DECLARE OURSELVES

WHEN the sun rose upon the 1st of January, 1776, it dawned upon a memorable year. On the whole, 1775 had been a success. The colonists had made an excellent beginning and were now prepared to suffer any sacrifice or danger to carry on the fight they had begun. Though the attempt to conquer Canada had been a sad failure, the new year brought with it much encouragement, for the red-coat army was still besieged in Boston and the predicament of General Howe, who had succeeded General Gage in command, was not at all inspiring, from the English point of view.

JAN. 5 New Hampshire provincial congress becomes a House of Representatives.

While the campaign in Canada had been going on, Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, had been behaving himself in such a highhanded and

despotic manner that the patriotic citizens had driven him from his government house altogether, and he was compelled to seek shelter in a British vessel. Here he gathered about him a band of British loyalists, who were called Tories, and on New Year's day, 1776, he sallied forth and set fire to the town of Norfolk.

JAN. 24
British transports are captured off Sandy Hook

On that same day—the first day of the glorious '76,—the Union flag, composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, was first raised in Washington's camp at Cambridge, and hailed by the enthusiastic army with the wildest joy. This, however, was not the flag finally adopted, for five months later, in May, Mistress Betsey Ross in her quaint little Philadelphia home undertook to make an emblem which should be satisfactory in every way, and it was on that occasion that she showed George Washington something which he never knew before—the trick of making a perfect five-pointed star. And the flag which she made was the present American flag. So the new year was ushered in with a bonfire in the south and with the raising of the Union flag outside of Boston.

FE . 9
Standard for Navy discussed.
MARCH 7
Lee starts south.

The army which was then gathered about the besieged city numbered less than ten thousand men, and these were poorly fed, and still more poorly clothed. All

they knew about war was that they loved their country and believed in liberty. But they were strong enough to keep the British prisoners in Boston, where the troops of General Howe were behaving most scandalously. They turned the churches into theatres, tore the houses down for firewood, and made merry at the king's expense. And while they were doing these things in their agreeable prison, the Continental Congress was attending to some necessary measures for carrying on the war.

MARCH 23 Continental Congress authorizes capture of British vessels on high seas. Congress hears of evacuation of Boston.

For a war is not fought with guns and flags alone, but with money. So the Continental Congress appointed a board of finance to take care of expenses, authorized privateers to go after British vessels, and started a navy. It was at that time that the extraordinary John Paul Jones sailed forth to spread terror on the wide Atlantic, and we shall meet him later and witness some of his remarkable exploits on the high seas.

Now while the British army was holding private theatricals in Boston, the British Parliament began to realize that some exertion would be necessary in order to subdue and punish the rebellious colonies. So the king of England, impressed by this fact, did the most abominable thing in all his miserable career. He hired 17,000 Hessian soldiers from the little governments which then constituted Germany and sent them to

America to fight against the colonial army. This cruel and unprincipled act was denounced even in England as disgraceful to the British name.

General Washington now felt the necessity of striking an immediate and effective blow. The people were clamoring for him to do something, and he decided, that, despite the poor condition of his make-shift army, he had better oust the British troops from Boston. On the evening of the 2d of March he opened a heavy cannonade upon the city, and on the night of the 4th sent General Thomas secretly with a few troops to throw up some entrenchments on Dorchester Heights just south of the city. That which happened just before the battle on Breed's Hill happened again. When the British wakened in the morning, there was a line of entrenchments frowning down upon them from Dorchester Heights which seemed to have sprung up like Jack's fabled beanstalk. General Howe gazed up at the magical fortress which had sprung up in in the night and could scarcely believe his eyes. What should he do? Assault the heights and dislodge the industrious rebels? He thought of Breed's Hill and of the loss sustained there the year before. "These rebels are like cats," said he, "they come out at night and work in the dark." He finally

APRIL 13
North Carolina declares for Independence.

MAY 4
Assembly in Rhode Island throws off royal rule.

decided that he had better try to dislodge the enemy and he ordered Lord Percy to proceed with this in view. But very fortunately for General Howe, the sleepy general, a rain storm arose and gave him the excuse he wanted. The attempt to dislodge the Americans was not made, and in a few days, General Howe entered into an agreement with General Washington to abandon the city of Boston, for there seemed to be nothing else to do. There were entirely too many hills in the neighborhood to make the city a safe place of residence, and the only objection which General Howe had to leaving was the inexpressible humiliation he would have to suffer. It was, indeed, a bitter pill for Howe and all his tinselled officers. And what would George the Third say? And how Edmund Burke and William Pitt would laugh! But there was nothing else to do, for the proud British army was at the mercy of the rebels. On the 17th of March the whole British army went on board the fleet and sailed out of the harbor. Nearly 1,500 loyalists or Tories, fearing the vengeance of the patriots, left their homes and fortunes to escape with Howe. On the 20th of March General Washington made a formal entry into old Boston at the head of his triumphal army. And then the desolated town broke forth in exultation. The excited patriots returned

MAY 15 British flag on Virginia State House is struck.

MAY 30 Massachusetts Assembly votes for Independence.

in thousands to their homes, and the entire country was wild with delight. From all quarters came messages of gratitude to the great general who had, without the loss of a single life, regained the town of Boston.

JUNE 14
Army at Quebec descends to Lake Champlain.

During the month of January General Washington heard that Sir Henry Clinton had sailed out of Boston with some troops, and suspecting that the baronet was headed for New York, he sent a division there under General Charles Lee to receive the British in befitting manner in case they should arrive. So Lee, who as we shall see later, was a very poor sort of patriot, encamped with 1,200 men outside New York and waited for Sir Henry's fleet to sail into the harbor. But Sir Henry's fleet did not tarry at New York on hearing that General Washington had a division there. The proud baronet sailed into the harbor and stayed there just long enough to hear the news, and then sailed out again and bent his course southward.

JUNE 22
New Jersey resolves to form a government.

JULY 25
Declaration of Independence read in Virginia.

We shall now have more difficulty in following the campaign, for our armies are divided and it is very difficult to be in two places at once. After the British had evacuated Boston General Washington began to wonder where Howe and his army had gone. The only thing that General Washington could do was to guess. And he guessed wrong.

He thought that the British army had gone to New York, so after fortifying Boston, he decided to proceed to that city. After a weary march down the Hudson river he and his tired army reached New York in the middle of April—but General Howe was not there. Lee had gone south by land to Charleston, S. C., where he supposed that Sir Henry Clinton would land. Washington at once proceeded to fortify the city and to build military works along the lower shores of the Hudson river. And here we must leave the commander-in-chief with his army and hasten south, where it looks very much as if something were going to happen. Meanwhile General Howe, with his vast army, is safely quartered at Halifax in Nova Scotia.

AUG. 13 Congress issues five million dollars.

SEPT. 28 Pennsylvania adopts a constitution.

Now it happened that the wise inhabitants of Charleston, S. C., had somehow heard of the approach of Sir Henry Clinton by sea, so without waiting for General Lee to arrive and tell them what to do they proceeded to make ready to receive the British fleet in anything but a hospitable manner. On a little island in the Charleston harbor they prepared a strange fortress of palmetto logs and mud which from the shore nearby looked like a frail and weak affair, and in it they placed 500 patriotic men under command of one of the bravest southerners that

OCT. 10 Connecticut charter changed.

ever drew a sword—the fearless General Moultrie. And among those soldiers was another whom we shall meet again as our fight goes on from year to year, for he finally came to be the terror of the British army in the

DEFENCE OF FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.

south, and they called him the Southern Swamp Fox. But in the mighty index of our country's glorious life, he is known as Francis Marion.

In this strange makeshift fort the soldiers under Moultrie waited as the days went by. But Sir Henry Clinton did not come. Finally General Lee arrived,

and when the citizens of Charleston pointed proudly to their little fort he ridiculed it heartily and told them it would not withstand a single cannon ball. He railed and stormed and ordered people to obey him and carried himself with an insolent air. It should be observed that he was an Englishman by birth, and we shall have occasion to notice him again as our fight goes on.

Finally Sir Henry Clinton came sailing into the bay to the sound of merry music, and opened a tremendous fire on the little fort. The cannon balls sank into the mud and springy boughs of which the fort was made and stayed there. The little toy defense which had excited the sneers of General Lee bowed and bent and shook but did not break. The fleet come nearer and sent another volley, and then came nearer still. But the little fort stood firm. The flag above it was shot down and brave Sergeant Jasper, one of the men, rushed out and raised it to its place again. A vast crowd stood watching from the shore. Finally when the ships were near enough the soldiers in the little fort opened fire and sent such a storm of iron curses into Sir Henry's men-of-war that the ships withdrew to a more respectful distance. Another volley was fired, and still another, as the crowd on shore went wild with joy. Amid the lurid flame from great guns this bitter contest lasted for ten long desperate hours, the patriots constantly gaining and the British constantly

losing. Finally one last terrific volley went forth from the little fort, it trembled under the force of its own guns, the multitude on shore set up a shout that echoed through the town, for Sir Henry Clinton's fleet had raised its anchors and was sailing out to sea. This was on June 28th.

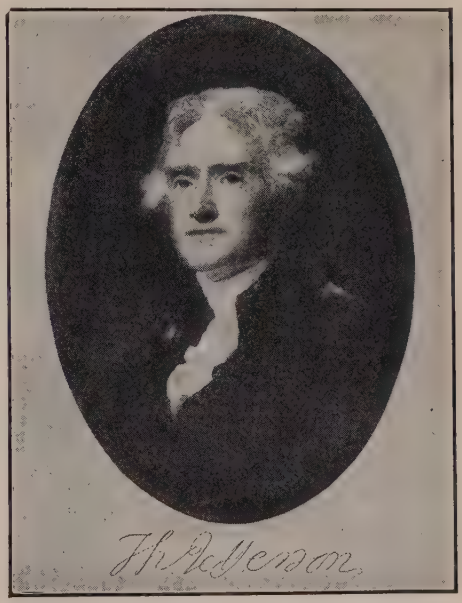
CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MEETING PLACE OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

We must now leave the army for a little while and take ourselves to Philadelphia where something of the greatest importance is about to happen. We must remember where we leave our military friends and enemies, for we shall want to join them again before long. General William Howe with his army is at Halifax doing nothing. General Washington with his troops is fortifiying New York and vicinity, and Sir Henry Clinton with his fleet is sailing north from Charleston.

A few days after the gallant fight off Charleston, the Continental Congress, sitting in Philadelphia, performed a most important act—the most important in the history of our country, and one of the greatest in the history of the world. They had been for some time debating a proposition to declare the thirteen colonies free and independent states. This grand idea had occupied the minds of the people for several months, and on the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, offered the following resolution. "Resolved, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This resolution was opposed by some because it seemed too soon for such a step, and by others who trembled at the thought of committing treason. After some discussion it was postponed till the second of July and a committee was appointed to draw up a declaration in accordance with the resolution. This was written by Thomas Jefferson, the chairman of the committee, and after some small changes by John Adams and Dr. Franklin, was reported on the 2d of July. On that day the resolution was passed in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and on the second

day following, the 4th of July, was signed by every member of the Congress who had voted for it. Printed copies of this document, bearing only the signatures of John Hancock, president of the Congress, and Charles Thompson, secretary, were sent out in every direction. It was then ordered to be engrossed on parchment and on August 2d the fifty-four delegates affixed their signatures to this parchment copy. After John Hancock had signed his name in a bold, clear hand, he rose and said, "There! John Bull can read that without his spectacles and may now double his reward for my head!" And then turning to the others, he remarked, "Gentlemen, we must be unanimous; we must all hang together."



THOMAS JEFFERSON

"Yes," replied Dr. Franklin, "or we shall all hang separately."

SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4th, 1776

The Declaration of Independence was read by General Washington's order, to the army in New York. That very night the statue of George the Third was torn from its pedestal, and being made of lead, it was melted and supplied the Continental army with 42,000 bullets All day long the old bellman had stood in the steeple ready to sound the note of freedom to the city and the nation. The hours went by, the gray haired veteran in the belfry grew discouraged, and began to say; "They will never do it; they will never do it." But just then a boy who had been stationed below ran out, and exclaimed, "Ring! ring!" And the old bellman did ring as he had never rung before. He pulled

so that he fell down exhausted when he was through. The multitudes which thronged the streets caught the signal and echoed it with shouts of joy. Swift messengers bore the news from town to town throughout the land. At Philadelphia the king's arms were torn down and burned in the streets. At Boston the glorious declaration was read in Faneuil Hall while cannon on Fort Hill and Dorchester Heights shook the good old home of the Puritans.

And so the Declaration of Independence went into effect, and the thirteen colonies became an independent nation. But it was one thing to declare independence and another thing to win it; and the fight went on for six long, weary, troublous years.

Shortly after the Declaration of Independence had been signed General Howe and his army from Halifax sailed into New York bay and took possession of Staten Island. There he was soon joined by his brother, Admiral Lord Richard Howe, who had just arrived from England with a large fleet, and on the 1st of August Sir Henry Clinton, from Charleston, arrived, to swell the British camp. Some of the hired Hessians had also arrived from Germany and altogether General Howe had 30,000 men to help him gain possession of New York. The men under General Washington were about half the number of the British.

The first thing that General Howe and his sea going brother did was to make overtures of peace to General Washington in the hope that the colonists might see the error of their ways and come under the wing of the mother country once again, and go on being taxed with cheerful and loyal hearts. These overtures were, of course, rejected and General Howe prepared to carry on the war—or rather to begin it—for he had done nothing yet but sail out of Boston into Halifax and out of Hailfax into New York. And Sir Henry Clinton had done nothing but sail to South Carolina and then sail back again. So on the 22d of August, 10,000 British troops were landed on the western end of Long Island where the village of Brooklyn was just growing large enough to be seen across the river. Some American troops under General Sullivan were already stationed there, and when the movements of the British became known, a large body of soldiers under General Putnam was sent to Brooklyn to reinforce the others. General Putnam was given full command and the troops under him numbered about 5,000. The British advanced toward Brooklyn by three roads, and their plans which had been skilfully laid were carried out with terrible precision. It was in the neighborhood of Greenwood cemetery that a collision between the contending forces occurred on August 27th, which is known

in our history as the battle of Long Island. In that fatal conflict 8,000 patriots were arrayed against 20,000 trained Hessian soldiers, while a vast fleet of British vessels supported the latter from the water front not far away. On that fearful day the pleasant rolling land

ISREAL PUTNAM

which is now a place of burial was strewn with wounded and dying men. It was a complete and horrible defeat for the Continental army. All day long the conflict waged and all day long the patriots suffered steadily, until at last when General Washington himself arrived upon the field his soul was wrung with anguish at the

sight that he beheld. At first his entire army seemed to be utterly ruined, but the spirit of the great commander rose above disaster. Four of his generals were prisoners in the hands of the enemy and 1,600 of his men were dead or wounded. It seemed an easy thing for Howe to advance again and finish the fearful work that he had so well begun. Yet in a few hours the commander-in-chief had rallied the scattered remnants of his forlorn and beaten army, and stood ready to receive an assault in the trenches back of Brooklyn.

The next day General Howe, who was very much elated by his victory, did not take the trouble to attack the Americans because it was raining. On the next day a heavy fog overhung the bay, and General Washington decided to secretly remove his army to New York. By eight o'clock on that memorable night every row-boat that could be obtained was lying at the Brooklyn ferry. And there under cover of the darkness the embarkation of the troops began. Gen. Washington personally superintended the retreat. All night, the boatmen with muffled oars, rowed silently back and forth, bearing the weary patriots across. At daybreak on the following morning, just as the last boatload was leaving, the movement was discovered by General Howe. The British rushed to the American entrenchments, but these were all they found. After a battle

BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

which had cost him nearly 400 men, General Howe had gained possession of Long Island—and nothing more. The retreat of General Washington on that dark night is justly regarded as one of the most remarkable feats in our military history.

There was much dissension in the American Army, made up as it was of troops from many different colonies, and when the remnants of the Colonial forces reached New York after the disastrous affair on Long Island the army of freedom was little more than a half organized mob. The men were enlisted for short

periods only, and many, disheartened at defeat and want, returned to their homes when their terms were ended. Yet amid all these obstacles, the great commander-in-chief kept his hold upon the troops, and with unfailing courage met disaster after disaster with a brave heart. Without his mighty soul the war of Independence could never have been won.

In the middle of September, the American troops withdrew from New York while Howe and his army were crossing the East River, and landing in New York at what is now the foot of 34th St., Washington at once began to fortify Harlem Heights and occupied two forts. One of these was on the Jersey shore across the Hudson River and was called Fort Lee. The other was just opposite it on the New York side and was called Fort Washington. The Americans now had a line straight across the upper part of Manhattan Island and across the Hudson River—that is, from the East River to the Jersey shore. In this way the chief hoped to prevent the British from sailing up the Hudson. General Putnam with 4,000 men had been left down in lower New York to hold possession of the city as long as he could do so.

The next day, September 16, the British attempted to break through the line which Washington had drawn across the upper end of Manhattan Island, but lost 300

men in the endeavor and fell back, remaining idle for three weeks.

Now you will remember that General Putnam was down in New York with some troops and could not get to Washington because the British had cut him off. It was during their march north that General Howe with several other officers stopped at the home of Mrs. Murray, in the neighborhood of what is now called Murray Hill. Mrs. Murray was a Quaker and an ardent patriot, though General Howe had somehow gotten the idea that she was an English sympathizer, or a Tory. All the British officers were agreed that she was exceedingly attractive and they listened to her sprightly conversation and noted her graceful courtesies and drank her tea with great pleasure and satisfaction. But Dame Murray had a fearful rebel plot which she was trying to perform. If she could only keep the British officers entertained long enough for General Putnam to come up from New York and pass the neighborhood unnoticed and join the Continental Army, she would feel that her winning manners and her tea and her enticing smile were worth while. And she did it! General Putnam had been hastily notified and started up through Manhattan Island. "Oh, do not hurry," said the hospitable lady, "there is lots of time and you are very welcome, I am sure," So they bowed and smiled and paid her compliments,

and she smiled and courtesied and received them with a rebel blush; and stout old Putnam kept on marching and passed right by without their knowing it and joined the Continental army just above.

On the 14th of September, General Washington had sent a brave young schoolmaster, named Nathan Hale, into the British camp on Long Island. That was before the red-coats crossed over to New York. Young Hale was instructed to gain information of the enemy's condition and report to the commander-in-chief. Dressed in the costume of a Quaker he quietly pursued his dangerous undertaking when a Tory friend in the British camp recognized him and informed the British officers. Hale was arrested as a spy and confessed his name and business at General Howe's headquarters. On the morning of the 22d of September this noble patriot, twenty one years old, was hung as a spy in the British camp, without the benefit of a military trial or even religious consolation. Amid the contemptuous sneers of the brutal soldiers of King George, he stood calm and serene at his place of execution and said these words, which have been handed down to us, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Several years later, as we shall see in due course, a British spy was put to death in the American camp after a fair and proper trial. A monument was later erected to his memory at the spot where his execution

EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE

took place, and many sentiments have been expressed here in America of sympathy with the sad fate which the inexorable rules of war decreed that he should suffer. But no one in America knows the resting place of Nathan Hale.

The entire Continental Army, as we know, was now stretched across Manhattan Island above the British camp and the deserted city of New York was at the disposal of General Howe. On the 17th of September the two armies met on Harlem Plains and a skirmish ensued. The Americans were victorious and before

the British could recover from the repulse, the lines on Harlem Heights were strong enough to defy the whole British army. General Howe, therefore determined to make a flank movement and gain the American rear; that is he decided to go around the side of the American army and get in back of it. He sent vessels up the Hudson to cut off communication with New Jersey and he himself went up the East River past the American line and landed in Westchester County. So he was now above the American Army instead of below it, and further away from New York.

When General Washington learned of these movements he left a strong garrison at Fort Washington on the New York side of the Hudson River and hastened northward across the Harlem River to confront the enemy. On the 28th of October the two armies met at White Plains and a desperate battle was fought. The Americans were driven to the hills a few miles farther north and General Howe concluded that it would be wiser not to follow them.

On the 4th of November General Washington took his army across the Hudson River and down its western bank as far as Fort Lee, New Jersey. He did this in order to prevent the British from getting into New Jersey and marching to Philadelphia, which, as we know, had to be protected, for it was the seat of the

colonial government. On hearing of this move General Howe sent some Hessians down to take Fort Washington, which, you will remember, was in New York just

CRUELTY PRESIDING OVER THE PRISON SHIP:—AN ALLEGORY

opposite Fort Lee. The fort was taken but the British lost 1,000 men. More than 2,000 Americans were made prisoners and they were cast into foul prisons in New York, where many of them died. Of these prisons, the "Jersey Prison Ship" was the most famous and

the most loathsome. It was anchored near the Brooklyn Navy Yard and from its dark vile-smelling cells hundreds of patriots were brought forth dead, and buried in shallow graves near by.

Two days after the fall of Fort Washington, on Nov. 18, Cornwallis with 6,000 British troops crossed the Hudson River at Dobbs Ferry and marched down the Jersey shore to take Fort Lee. Knowing his inability to hold the fort, General Washington abandoned it and marched into the interior of New Jersey. It was a sad plight that the shattered, beaten army was in. For three weeks the Americans were flying across New Jersey with the British after them. On the 8th of December they reached the Delaware River and crossed it. The American army numbered less than 3,000 weary men, ill fed and poorly clothed.

Cornwallis wanted to cross the Delaware and continue chasing the Americans, but he had no boats. So he waited for the river to freeze. British troops were posted at Trenton and other places along the river, and Cornwallis waited rather impatiently for the frost.

Meanwhile General Washington, safe on the other side of the river, did not waste time, His army was increased by new recruits until the Continental legion was 5,000 strong. On Christmas night he resolved to fall upon a body of Hessians who were at Trenton on

the other side of the river. He knew that they had been celebrating Christmas as only Hessians can, and that St. Nicholas had been toasted in many a mug of foam-

BATTLE OF TRENTON

ing ale. He calculated that on the morning after, there would be many headaches and drowsy soldiers in the Hessian camp. So he concluded to cross the river on Christmas night, and surprise the jolly Hessians in the morning. The difficulty of accomplishing this feat would have baffled any general but Washington, who was so accustomed to crossing rivers at night that he thought nothing of it at all. This crossing of the Delaware is the one so celebrated in our history, though the commander and his army crossed it several times.

At eight o'clock in the morning the Americans, having made a difficult and perilous passage, rushed into the quiet little village of Trenton from two directions. The astonished Hessians sprang from their quarters and attempted to form a line. Forty or fifty of them fell dead before the fire of the patriots. For a few minutes there was terrible confusion, and then a cry for quarter. Nearly a thousand of the dreaded Hessians threw down their arms and begged for mercy. They were all made prisoners, and before nightfall General Washington, with his victorious army, and a whole body of Hessian prisoners, were safe on the other side of the Delaware.

This splendid victory raised the nation from despondency. It had been a hard year, but at least it had a good close. The affair on Long Island was a bitter failure. The British army had been victorious at White Plains, and had gained possession of Fort Lee, and Fort Washington, and of the city of New York. But above disaster and defeat, above discouragement and doubt, two things shone brightly among the clouds; two things which that hard year had brought to view—the greatness of Washington, and the Declaration of Independence. So with these glorious assets the Continental army entered its third year.

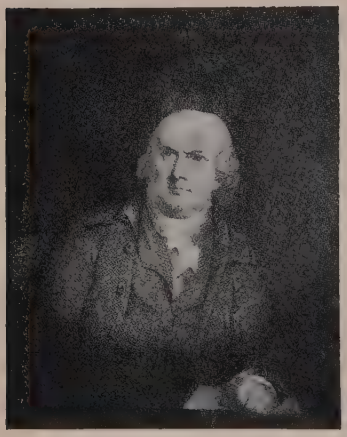
A HARD YEAR

ON New Year's day, 1777, Robert Morris, one of the staunchest and most earnest patriots of the time, was going about from house to house in Philadelphia waking up his friends and trying to borrow money enough to keep the troops near Trenton from starving. For the army of freedom was almost destitute. Before noon-time he had collected $50,000 which he lost no time in sending to General Washington. This was not a very large donation considering the expensive enterprise which the patriots had undertaken, but it kept things going for the time being and gave the suffering troops fresh courage. In carrying on the good old war for independence, small favors were always very thankfully received, and many of these, and larger ones as well, came

JAN. 12 General Mercer dies.

from the liberal hand of Robert Morris. He was a sort of financial George Washington who never became disheartened even in the darkest hours of the war.

We are now, as you will remember, in New Jersey, and we shall spend considerable of our time in this vicinity during the year whose events we are following. We shall also have to go into northern New York a little, and visit Pennsylvania as well. It is to be an exceedingly busy year and we cannot expect to be present at every little skirmish, though they will all be mentioned for the sake of completeness.



Rob Morris

ROBERT MORRIS

You will notice that New England, which really started the military ball rolling, has rather disappeared from the scene. No important battles were fought in New England after the British evacuated Boston, but that was not New England's fault. The wise heads of the British Army had an idea that if they could get complete control of the middle country—that is, New York and vicinity— it would shut the south from New England, and cut the rebel country right in two. This

was the task set for 1777. Then they could take New England very easily indeed by catching her alone, and could, or thought they could, have the southern colonies for the asking.

This was, to be sure, a very imposing scheme, but had one drawback, which was that they could not carry it out.

The gallant fight which we witnessed in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1776, was such an astonishing success that it will not be necessary for us to visit the south again for more than a year. Then we shall follow some of the extraordinary exploits of Francis Marion and his band of merry patriots.

Before our armies begin to fight again, let us pause a moment to glance at the career of Benjamin Franklin who had gone to Paris to try to interest the French king in the cause of American independence. He spent the whole year of 1777 in the gay capital of France and became the idol of the enthusiastic French people. His reputation had gone before him, and his variety of accomplishments gained him the name of being, as in fact he was, one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. But though France had always been in sympathy with the thirteen colonies, it was not from any generous or disinterested motives, but simply because she cherished a long stand-

FEB. 4
Georgia frames a constitution.

ing grudge against England. And she did not have the spirit or the courage to come out in the open field and publicly acknowledge her interest in Colonial Independence. It took her all 1777 to make up her mind what she had better do, and we shall not have this to bother us until the year 1778. But Dr. Franklin's efforts are a part of the story for this year.

FEB. 22
Congress authorizes thirteen million dollars loan certificates

Now you will remember that we left Washington and his army encamped in New Jersey across the Delaware River from Trenton. He soon crossed the river again and took post at the village where he had fought the battle with the Hessians. He had received some reinforcements so that he now had $50,000 and 5,000 men to press his campaign against the mighty British empire. Toward evening on the second day of January, Cornwallis with a strong force of red-coats approached from Princeton, which was about ten miles away, and encamped on the opposite side of a stream near Trenton, within gun-shot of the American army. He intended to capture the Americans in the morning and went to bed to sleep over it. He slept very well indeed apparently, and when he awoke in the morning, General Washington with his army had disappeared. Cornwallis looked across the stream and could not understand it, until

FEB. 24
Congress votes reinforcements to army.

soon he heard a sound like thunder in the direction of Princeton, where he had left a small force. You see what General Washington had done. He had waited until Cornwallis from Princeton had reached Trenton, and then instead of staying there to fight him, he had slipped away in the night, to the very place from which Cornwallis had come, to annihilate the small force which the British general had left there. It was a clever trick, as Cornwallis realized when he heard the American cannon thundering from the direction of his deserted Princeton. Of course, he started his troops right back to Princeton again, but while they were on their way General Washington's army was creating havoc among the enemy. there. The ragged Continentals had things their own way for several hours. General Washington's presence on the field caused great enthusiasm among his men, and by the time the astonished Cornwallis arrived, after his fruitless march to Trenton and back again, all he found was the victorious American army, for the little

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

reserve force he had left in Princeton had been completely routed. General Washington was wise enough not to give battle to Cornwallis and his larger force, so he retreated and took post among the rolling hills in eastern New Jersey. He made his headquarters up in the mountains at Morristown, where he began to feel that he could drive the British out of New Jersey with a little more careful planning and a little more patience. Here it was that one fine day, young General Anthony Wayne, just back from Ticonderoga, upon Lake Champlain, came riding into camp and informed General Washington that he had not had the pleasure of engaging in a good hot fight since the war began, and that he was uneasy of sitting up at Ticonderoga and doing nothing.

April 8 Congress votes monument to Dr. Joseph Warren who fell at Breed's Hill.

"If that is the case," said General Washington, "you would better stay right here, for we are trying to drive the British out of New Jersey, and prevent them from getting into Pennsylvania, and doing any mischief to Philadelphia."

So young General Anthony Wayne then and there inaugurated his extraordinary career as a fighter, and we shall meet him from time to time throughout the war, but more frequently after another year has passed. He was exactly the sort of man that General Washington wanted just then, and he was the sort of

patriot that boys especially admire. He was always performing military feats. His hopeful spirit enthused the ragged patriots in the darkest hours of the war, and the troubled soul of the great commander-in-chief was often cheered by the smiling, daring countenance of Anthony Wayn

With the aid of this fearless general, the commander began to harass the British in the neighboring country by making little raids against them, until finally, when the first of March arrived the British army, with the exception of small detachments at New Brunswick and Amboy, had entirely withdrawn from New Jersey.

WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON

It was just at this time that Lieutenant General Burgoyne arrived at Quebec, having been sent from New York to take charge of the British forces in Canada, and help to carry out an elaborate and formid-

able scheme which the British ministry had planned. The plan was this:

Burgoyne was to gather a vast army in Canada, and then start southward, capturing Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, and everything else that he could lay his hands on along the Hudson River, as far as Albany.

Meanwhile Colonel Barry St. Leger was to march down through the Mohawk Valley, and General Howe with the larger part of his army, was to march up the Hudson, taking the Highland forts by the way, and all three—Burgoyne, St Leger and Howe—were to meet at Albany.

APRIL 26 Lafayette and De Kalb embark for America.

Then the patriotic cause would certainly be doomed, for the mighty legion of King George in America would, it was supposed, number 40,000 or 50,000 strong. And then they would sally forth and take New England, and after that the Southern states, with very little difficulty. This was indeed a gigantic enterprise, and when the British leaders figured it out with maps and charts, it seemed not only possible, but very easy indeed.

We must remember that at no time during the war did either the British generals in America or their superiors in England realize the force which they had to fight against. They did not realize the extent to which the desire for independence had taken possession of the American colonies. And in planning this three-

fold movement they relied largely upon reinforcements from the Tories and friendly Indians through the States. Burgoyne, however, found that his march from Lake Champlain to Albany was a march through a thoroughly hostile country. If the plan had been carried out, however, it might have had a more successful ending than it had, but, as we shall see later, Howe did not go up the river to meet Burgoyne and St. Leger.

Early in March General Burgoyne arrived at the walled Canadian city, and proceeded to collect about him a large and miscellaneous army. By the first of June he had a force of 10,000 men made up of Canadians, Indians, British veterans, and Hessians.

But before we turn our attention to this important enterprise of the adventurous and confident Burgoyne, let us follow a little the events in the vicinity of our Morristown camp, for the British in New York and vicinity have now resolved to get into Philadelphia at any hazard.

On March 23d a detachment of British under General MacDougall went up the Hudson and destroyed some American stores at Peekskill. Toward the close of April, Tryon, who had been the royal governor of New York, took over a thousand red-coats up Long Island Sound, to desolate the coast of Connecticut. Landing at Norwalk, he marched to Danbury, set

the town on fire, and got away as fast as he could. On April 27th, Tryon and his followers were attacked during their retreat by the indignant Connecticut militia. Altogether the ex-governor lost 300 men in his marauding enterprise. Then there was fighting and skirmishing on Long Island and also in Rhode Island.

General Washington, meanwhile, remained in his quarters at Morristown. Recruits had been coming in constantly until the commander finally had an army of 10,000 men. But still he scarcely knew what to do, for he was very much perplexed by the movements of the enemy. He knew that Burgoyne was up in Quebec, preparing to sweep down through New York. But there was General Howe with another British army in New York, and what would he do? Would he take his army by ship down the coast and up the Delaware River to Philadelphia? Or would he go up the Hudson to meet Burgoyne, who was supposed to be coming down like a whirlwind, and sweeping everything before him with his Canadian and Indian army? The only thing that General Washington could do was to prepare himself as well as possible for either movement of the enemy, and then to wait events. He, therefore, placed a strong force on the Hudson River, and moved his main army to a spot within ten miles of New Brunswick, in New Jersey, where there was an encampment of

British. One or two skirmishes occurred in New Jersey as a result of these moves, and on the 30th of June the British vacated the state entirely, and concentrated all their forces at New York. It was evident they were going to do something, but what?

Presently Howe embarked and sailed out of New York Bay and down the coast a little way, but he did not go up the Delaware River; he sailed right past its mouth, and General Washington was more perplexed than ever. The Americans, as you know, were so posted in New Jersey that they could get to Philadelphia with very little delay. There were two ways that General Howe could get there. One was to sail up the Delaware River, which he had not done. The other was to sail down the coast a little further, and go up Chesapeake Bay, and that is what he did do.

JUNE 2 Committee appointed to draw up Constitution in Vermont.

Then was there great excitement in the Continental Camp in New Jersey. For the British must be kept out of Philadelphia at any cost. It was now early in July, and General Howe's intentions were perfectly apparent. He meant to land his forces at the head of Chesapeake Bay and march northward into Philadelphia. So General Washington sent a detachment under Wayne to march around Philadelphia and meet the advancing forces under Howe as they passed toward

the capital. Soon the gallant Wayne had passed to the south of the city, ready to meet the British as they advanced, and General Washington himself marched toward Philadelphia shortly after with the main body of his army.

Here the Continental Congress was in session, passing resolutions and giving military commissions and attending to the civil business of the new nation. And here, while General Washington was passing through the town, there landed in the Quaker City two men who were destined to play an important part in the winning of American freedom. One of them was very tall and austere; the other was frail in build and had a youthful, almost boyish air. But they seemed to be great friends. One was a German and the other was a Frenchman, though they both had come from France. One was calm and thoughtful from long experience and advancing years. The other was filled with the impetuosity and buoyancy of youth. Both had come as private volunteers, without the sanction or authority of their governments. Both were commissioned major generals. One lies in a quiet grave in a little southern town in our land—a martyr to the cause of American freedom which he helped to win. The other went back to France when the war was over and became conspicuous in the bloody

AUG. 22 Gates assumes command of Northern Army.

French Revolution. One was the Baron Johann De Kalb. The other was the Marquis de Lafayette.

It was on the 25th of August that the British landed on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, and began their march toward Philadelphia. The entire Continental Army was spread about the country south of the Quaker City to protect it from the advancing foe. Here, at the Brandywine Creek, on the 11th of September, a collision of the two armies took place, and the Americans were forced back across the stream. They made a brave and gallant stand at Chad's Ford, where Gen. Wayne kept a large force of Hessians from crossing. The battle lasted until evening, and that night the shattered and defeated Continental Army fell back to Chester, which was nearer Philadelphia. The patriots lost 1,200 men in killed, wounded and prisoners. After various maneuvers and several small battles, General Howe, with his army, crossed the Schuylkill River, and on the 26th of September,

BARON DE KALB

marched his victorious legion of red-coats into poor old Philadelphia. The Congress had fled to Lancaster on their approach, and then to York, where they continued their session until the following summer. The patriotic army with all its desperate effort had not been able to protect the seat of government, and the beloved old settlement of William Penn became a boisterous and roaring British camp. General Howe encamped most of his army at Germantown, a little north of the city, while he was making the town ready for winter quarters, and it was here that the Continental Army, during a fearful rain and fog, sought to regain their city in a desperate encounter. This was on the 4th of October. After a struggle lasting several hours, in the storm and fog, the Americans were repulsed with a loss of more than a thousand men. General Washington then led his despairing and discouraged army from the city he had fought so desperately to save, and prepared to go into winter quarters at White Marsh, about fourteen miles away.

You will probably think that the prospect of American independence was very gloomy at this period, and so indeed it was. The British held New York and Philadelphia, the only places of any size in that part of the country, except Boston, and they had their eye on Boston, too, and the whole of New England, as we

know. On the other hand, the forlorn Americans, deprived of their two large towns, had no suitable place in which to pass the winter, and the ghostly spectre of famine and disease and cold stalked before the commander-in-chief in these hours of trial and sorrow, so that his soul was wrung with anguish for his suffering army.

But these unfortunate events and the pitiable condition of General Washington's troops were not all, for General Burgoyne, sweeping down from Quebec, had easily retaken Ticonderoga, which created dreadful dismay among the patriots.

Now, you will remember that in the latter part of the year 1775 the Continental Army of the North tried to take the city of Quebec and failed, and that in the brave assault Montgomery lost his life. Ever since that unfortunate campaign, divisions of the Continental Army had been stationed up toward the Canadian border, at the forts on Lake Champlain, at St. Johns just above,[1] and at other places in that vicinity. General Schuyler was still in command of the Army of the North, or what there was left of it, and he had his headquarters at Fort Edward, a few miles below Lake George.

On the first of June, Burgoyne with his invading

[1] See last part of Chapter 1775

army reached St. Johns which, you will remember, was taken and occupied by Montgomery on his way to Montreal in the autumn of 1775. At the time that Burgoyne reached St. Johns, General Washington was taking recruits at Morristown and preparing to keep the British out of Philadelphia. You see that the year 1777 had two distinct and separate campaigns going on at the same time, and it is less complicating to follow them separately. You will recollect that the battle at the Brandywine to keep the British from marching to the capital was fought on September 11th; that on September 26th the British gained the city; that on October 4th General Washington tried to regain it in the battle at Germantown; that the attempt was a failure, owing largely to the rain and fog; and that shortly afterward Washington led his army into winter quarters fourteen miles from Philadelphia. Before the winter actually began, his quarters were changed, but that we shall consider later, and for the present leave him in his camp at White Marsh.

Just before the battle at Germantown, the British general, Sir Henry Clinton, sailed up the Hudson River with a large force, intending to meet Burgoyne. On October 6th he captured two forts along the river, which were known as Fort Clinton and Fort Montgomery, and shortly afterward burned the town of

Kingston. He would have continued his successful expedition up the river if it had not been that such startling information reached him from the north that he sailed back to New York in a great hurry, and prepared to settle down comfortably for the winter. What that information was we shall now discover by giving our attention to the enterprising Burgoyne, who had gotten as far south as St. Johns on the 1st of June.

On the 16th of June Burgoyne reached Crown Point, a little below St. Johns, appropriated the old fort, and left a garrison in charge of it. Sweeping on to Ticonderoga a few miles further down the lake, where some American troops were stationed under General St. Clair, the red-coat general prepared to take that fort. In the darkness of the night he planted his cannons on Mount Defiance, which overlooked the fort, and in the morning the Americans saw a battery seven hundred feet above them, frowning down upon their stronghold. General St. Clair, seeing that resistance was useless, abandoned the fort on the night of the 5th of July, and escaped with his troops. They were pursued by the British and overtaken at Hubbardton, in Vermont, where the patriots fought with such desperation that the British ceased their pursuit, and on July 12th the Americans arrived at Fort Edward, the headquarters of General Schuyler.

The British then pressed on to Whitehall, where they seized a large quantity of baggage and provisions.

At Fort Edward, General Schuyler mustered about 4,000 men. He could not expect with these to confront Burgoyne successfully; so, felling trees and leaving them to obstruct the path of the British, he retreated southward along the Hudson, destroying bridges by the way, and established a fortified camp near the mouth of the Mohawk River; that is, a little distance above Albany. Here, he was reinforced by troops from New England and soon his army numbered over 13,000 men.

But General Schuyler was not permitted to conduct the campaign which he had planned, for at this juncture the Continental Congress appointed to the command of the northern army, General Horatio Gates, who had produced a very wonderful impression among the men at Philadelphia.

Burgoyne reached Fort Edward on July 30, and found the patriot camp deserted. His invincible army was becoming weary from long marches, and the troops were disappointed at finding no provisions to seize. General Burgoyne's troubles were now beginning, for instead of victory he found starvation waiting for him at Fort Edward. He sent some foraging parties over to Bennington in Vermont, the home of Ethan Allen.

Here, John Stark with the New Hampshire militia and some Green Mountain Boys met them on August 16th, and drove them back after a gallant fight. That night the prospect of starving to death was not quite so

GEN. ARNOLD FALLS WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA

great in the British camp, for Burgoyne had nearly a thousand less men to feed!

While Burgoyne was sweeping down from the north, a company of Canadians and Indians under the British Colonel St. Leger, threatened the Mohawk valley—that is, the country directly west of Albany. They invested Fort Schuyler, which is now the city of Rome,

on the 3d of August. The brave General Herkimer hastened to the relief of the fortress, and at Oriskany, on his way, fell into an Indian ambuscade. He was mortally wounded and his troops fearfully beaten. As he lay beneath a tree bleeding to death he waved his sword and called his orders to the troops until he became too weak, and falling back, the brave general breathed his last—another martyr to the grand old cause. The timely arrival of Benedict Arnold, however, saved the day and finally regained the fort for the Americans.

Of course this was not cheerful news to the proud Burgoyne, and he felt that his remarkable luck in the north was changing. He could not advance with safety, for a vast and daily increasing army of patriots was before him. Neither could he remain where he was, for he had no provisions and the winter was coming on. Nor did he like the idea of retreating, for that meant disgrace and humiliation. What should he do with his large army? On the west was Fort Schuyler, garrisoned by a stong force of Americans. Just to the south was General Gates' camp with a vast host of patriots, waiting. Was this the end of all his mighty schemes? For some days he considered the situation and then he did the only thing which he could do; he formed a fortified camp on the hills at Saratoga, and General Gates forthwith formed another fortified camp

on Bemis' Heights not far away. And there from the tops of their respective hills the American Army and the British Army glared at each other.

On the 9th of September, General Burgoyne ad

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE'S ARMY

vanced and gave battle. He was vigorously repulsed and fell back to his hill at Saratoga. Soon General Gates' troops returned the call and there was another battle. The conflict was bloody and terrific, lasting from two o'clock in the afternoon until darkness fell. On the American side, Benedict Arnold, who had resigned his commission, rode at full speed to his old

command, and without authority dashed on to the field and became the hero of the day. He charged like a madman, drove the enemy before him, eluded General Gates' messenger who was sent to call him from the field, and finally fell, severely wounded. It was a complete and glorious victory for the Americans.

On the night after the battle Burgoyne led his shattered hungry army to a stronger position, but the Americans, encouraged by success, followed closely after them. As the proud British general surveyed his miserable troops—defeated and forlorn, the disgraceful and terrible extremity he was in drove him almost to desparation. There seemed but one course. Should he take it? Could he take it? It was fearful to contemplate—this alternative of surrender. Must this be the sequel to his campaign of invasion? How would the king regard it? And the people? But it was the only thing to do if he wished to save his remaining troops from complete annihilation.

On the 17th of October General Burgoyne, who was on his way to New York to cut the rebel country right in two, surrendered his entire army to General Gates, and 5,791 red-coats became prisoners of war!

And then did General Horatio Gates strut about with mighty importance as if he had planned the whole thing from its very beginning. And then did the Con-

tinental Congress, overwhelmed with joy and satisfaction, marvel at this wonderful man. And then did the people whisper hopes that he might be made the commander-in-chief of the American Army. And then, did the high and mighty ones invite him to their houses

THE MARCH TO VALLEY FORGE

where he bowed and smiled with exceeding dignity. And so he became the hero of the land.

But in reality the man to whom Burgoyne surrendered his sword was little more than a humbug.

You will remember that we left General Washington in winter quarters fourteen miles from Philadelphia. On the 11th of December, he transferred his winter camp to the Valley Forge, on the right bank of the

Schuylkill River, where after a march of several days the troops arrived in a forlorn and starving condition. He had selected this place because he thought its position would enable him to guard the Continental Con-

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT VALLEY FORGE

gress which was in session at York, and also his military stores at Reading. Thousands of his soldiers were without shoes, and the frozen ground was marked with bloody foot prints, along the line of march, as the miserable troops made their way into their new quarters. Here they contructed little log huts amid the snow, and settled

Nov. 28 General Gates appointed president of the board of war.

down after their discouraging campaign, to weather through the dreadful winter. Valley Forge is celebrated in our history as no other camp of the ragged Continentals, for its story is one of suffering and sacrifice, of sublime hope and patience. The history of that winter affords some of the gloomiest scenes in the winning of American independence.

The army remained in those bleak and snow-bound huts at Valley Forge until May, 1778. Many things of interest happened while they were there, but as it is now close upon the end of the year, we shall have to defer these things until the next chapter.

Nov. 28
Congress resolves to carry on a winter campaign.

MORE HOPEFUL

THE Valley Forge was in the bosom of a rugged gorge along the banks of the crooked Schuylkill River, twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. Here the New Year found the tired and discouraged army, encamped in their log huts, prepared to battle with the most relentless enemy of all—the cold and snow. Here it was that patience and untiring devotion to a righteous cause found their most beautiful expression throughout the dreary winter months—a patience and devotion which were stronger than the force of arms and more unconquerable than all the scientific devices of war. It was this fidelity to the truths which had been embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which carried the patriot cause over obstacle and defeat, and bore it on along

JAN. 27
New Providence taken by John Paul Jones

the fitful tides of war, across misfortune and disaster, that the British Army had not reckoned on in all their complicated plans and mighty purposes and the intensity of which the British Ministry had never dreamed. And of all the hallowed spots now reverenced in our country's history as the scenes of sacrifice or martyrdom or victory, on which the patriotic pilgrim looks with pride, there is no ancient battle field nor venerable landmark about which are clustered more gentle memories than about this quiet little vale along the shores of the Schuylkill.

FEB. 12 Committee reports destitution at Valley Forge.

It will not be necessary for us to more than glance at the British Army, which, as we know, was in possession of Philadelphia and New York at the beginning of 1778. Their quarters were very different from those of the troops at Valley Forge, and they cut high capers in their two cities and made the towns to ring with merry music and uproarious laughter. It made very little difference to the average red-coat soldier whether America won her freedom or not, and the army of King George amused themselves with many reckless and diverting pastimes, and sent the bills to Parliament. Meanwhile, King George Third had received the news of Burgoyne's surrender, and it spoiled his Christmas. You can scarcely imagine the consternation that this intelligence created in London. For the war in America was

coming to be a serious matter to old England; it was costing a million dollars a week, and the multitudes of sturdy Englishmen who had to pay this sum were naturally becoming less patriotic and saying unkind things about the king. Lord North, who had recommended a good, sound thrashing for America several years before, now came forward and said that he had never really believed in that sort of punishment, and that perhaps, after all, it would be better to spare the rod and spoil the colonies. Everybody in Parliament had something to say, and the upshot of the whole thing was that Great Britain began to scratch her head and wonder if she had not better call William Pitt (now Earl of Chatham) to get her out of her difficulties. But while the wise heads of the British Emprie were trying to persuade the king to do this, death came to the great statesman in his seventieth year, and the most loyal friend that the colonies had in England passed into the world's history as an immortal name. He might have been able, with his genius, to reunite the mother country and her colonies; who shall say? He was the only Englishman save Burke in whom the Americans really believed, and with his death, the last possibility of a peaceable adjustment of colonial affairs passed away. But still the war was coming to be a great burden, and Lord North proceeded

FEB. 20 United States flag hoisted at Natchez.

to fix up some conciliatory measures, and to repeal some old colonial laws, in the hope that the Americans might be satisfied with these magnanimous concessions, and lay down their arms. Commissioners were forth-

DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM

with appointed to proceed to America and enter into negotiations with Congress. This plan proved a failure for the colonists had lost their faith in British promises; and the war went on.

Yet in spite of these doubts and misgivings in England, and despite the terrible disaster of Burgoyne, the

partiotic cause was far from hopeful when the first morning of the year 1778 dawned, for it found a suffering army huddled in little cabins almost covered by the snow and contending with one of the severest winters that our land has ever known. Yet the encampment at Valley Forge was not all gloom, for the wife of the commander-in-chief and the wives of many other officers spent the winter there, and enlivened the dismal scene, and still more dismal prospect, by their presence. It is not pleasant to glance at the commander during these fearful months, for his great soul was borne down with sorrows and troubles too great for any man to have to bear. And the picture is too sad to gaze upon long. He invited a committee from Congress to visit Valley Forge and see the condition of his troops, and the committee came. But the assistance which he hoped might come to his forlorn army as a result of their visit, was not supplied.

MARCH 2
General Greene elected quartermaster general.

One afternoon as Isaac Potts, a miller at whose home General Washington made his headquarters, was strolling along a creek, he heard a voice which seemed to come from within the woods. He walked quietly in that direction, and found the general's horse fastened to a tree. Looking cautiously into a neighboring grove, he saw, in the dim twilight, the commander-in-chief upon his knees with his face uplifted and his cheeks suffused with tears. The

MARCH 20
South Carolina adopts a constitution.

miller stood spellbound, gazing npon the bowed form of the great man, as the light died away, until the lonely figure, kneeling there in the snowclad wilderness, was enveloped by the darkness. And then he hastened

WASHINGTON AND THE COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS AT VALLEY FORGE

home and told the incident to his wife, for he was much agitated, as though he had beheld something sublime or superhuman. The man who had been discovered in that solemn moment never knew that the incident would find its way into our country's history, for he did not dream that he was seen. But the country of which he is the father knows that his prayer was answered.

Within three weeks after the army arrived at Valley Forge 2,000 men were unfit for duty. Straw for bedding could not be obtained, and the sick and hungry Continentals were forced to sleep on the bare earth. But the rugged patriots were not idle in their winter camp along the Schuylkill. Early in January an odd scheme suggested itself to some of the soldiers, which they proceeded to carry out. The idea was to surprise the British in Philadelphia without going there in person. So the patriots with much merriment, despite their forlorn condition, constructed a huge raft of kegs full of gunpowder, and fixed to it a contrivance which would cause the powder to explode when the raft should strike any object with sufficient force. When this was completed they launched it into the Schuylkill River and it floated down the the stream. The patriots hoped that when it reached Philadelphia it would collide with one or other of the British vessels there and blow it up. What damage this ingenious raft might have done if its purpose had been carried out, it is difficult to say, but when it sailed into the Quaker City all the vessels had, for some reason, been drawn into the harbor. One of the kegs, however, burst near the city and caused inexpressible alarm throughout the town. And for the rest of the winter every log that drifted into Philadelphia was regarded with suspicion.

MAY 1
Iron chain stretched across the Hudson River.

During the early months of the encampment at Valley Forge there came to light a plot which had been forming for some time, but which now, owing to the lull in military affairs, was laid bare. It was a miserable scheme

THE PRAYER AT VALLEY FORGE

inaugurated by several jealous and unscrupulous men to displace General Washington as head of the army and put General Gates in command. It was conceived by men, who, if they lived to-day, would be called demagogues; that is, shallow politicians who use national evils or misfortunes to advance their own ambitions and to accomplish selfish ends. As one of the origina-

tors of this movement was a man named Conway, it came to be known as the Conway Cabal.

The misfortunes of Washington at Germantown and the Brandywine and on Long Island were contrasted with the glorious victory at Saratoga, and so convincing and plausible were these representations to people who knew the facts but not the details, that a faction came into existence which had for its purpose the advancement of General Gates to the chief command. For a little while this seemed likely to succeed, but it finally failed as all such schemes are sure to fail, for it was made of lies and miserable intrigues, and so it fizzled away leaving the commander-in-chief more trusted and revered than ever. General Horatio Gates was a typical intriguer from first to last and a coward as well. He cared nothing whatever about the independence of America, so long as he could stand upon a pedestal and be applauded. He was a great believer in the truth which Abraham Lincoln afterward made famous, for he fooled some people all the time and all of the people some of the time, but he did not fool all the people all the time, nor even for very long. But he fooled old Samuel Adams and John Adams very nicely indeed, so that they thought he was a wonderful man and believed that he should be entrusted with the command of the army. Gates and Charles Lee were

both Englishmen by birth; they had ambition without patriotism; they hindered rather than helped the cause of independence; and their names are a disgrace to the grand old cause.

Among the foreign officers who joined the patriot army at Valley Forge was the Baron Steuben, a veteran from the invincible army of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and a famous disciplinarian. He was made inspector general of the army, and he proceeded to make use of the idle winter months by giving the ragged patriots such a training and drilling as they had never known before. He marched them, and reviewed them, and roared his orders at them in sonorous German fashion until they moved as harmoniously as a great machine. He had come to America as a private volunteer, and like Lafayette, had given up a princely fortune and a luxurious home to cast his lot with the patriot army of our land.

GENERAL STEUBEN

The good that this great soldier did in furthering the cause of independence has never been fully measured, for his duties were not on the open field where he could make a great display, but in the camp, where with untiring vigilance and indomitable will, he took a host of ragged, inexperienced, and discouraged men, and made of them an army, instructed them in all the arts of scientific warfare, and prepared them for the next campaign. They had gone to Valley Forge a miscellaneous crowd of patriotic men, and they came forth in the spring an organized and disciplined army, which could understand and obey orders in the din and heat of battle, and which could advance and retreat with mechanical precision. And this change was due to the Baron Steuben, who, working unseen, had touched the Continental Army with his magic sword, and made the vast array of hungry patriots move as a single man.

While the Continental troops were keeping warm under the eagle eye of the great Steuben in snowbound Valley Forge, the news was speeding over the Atlantic Ocean that France had at last made up her mind to give the colonies a friendly lift, and thus revenge herself on England. When this intelligence arrived and spread through the camp on the last of May, 1778, it caused great rejoicing, for it seemed as though the dismal prospects were brightening at last. It was announced that,

thanks to the efforts of Dr. Franklin, France had publicly acknowledged the independence of the thirteen colonies on the 6th of February, and had forthwith made a treaty of alliance. And it was further announced that a large French fleet under the Count D'Estaing was getting ready to sail for America. Of course, when the British king and Parliament learned of this they became excessively agitated and sent a vessel straight across to notify the British commanders to get the squadron and the army away from Philadelphia as fast as they could, for the French fleet was coming over to annihilate them. When this warning reached the colonies, the responsibility for acting on it fell to Sir Henry Clinton, who had just become commander of all the king's forces in America. For General William Howe, after spending an exceedingly pleasant winter in Philadelphia, had been recalled to England, owing to his inability to handle the situation. It was in the fitful month of

COUNT D'ESTAING

April that the Count D'Estaing with his splendid fleet set sail from merry France to lend a helping hand to the struggling Americans. The fearful winter was now over, and the bright spring with its encouraging prospects smiled at last upon the suffering camp of Washington. It found the patriots with fresh courage and valuable training watching the British at Philadelphia with a weather eye, and it found the red-coats getting ready in a great hurry to move away.

Suddenly the British ships near Philadelphia sailed out of the harbor, and bent their course toward New York, but the troops in Philadelphia remained, and the patriots knew not what to do until they could form some notion of the intentions of Sir Henry Clinton.

They did not have to wait long, for on the 18th of June the royal army abandoned the scene of its winter revels and started across New Jersey to join the British forces in New York. This was exactly what General Washington suspected they would do, and hurriedly breaking up his camp at Valley Forge, he led the patriots forth in pursuit of the enemy. Benedict Arnold was left with a detachment of Continental soldiers to occupy Philadelphia, and he became its military governor. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the progress of both pursued and pursuers as they made their way across New Jersey was very slow. Sir Henry

Clinton's forces were marching directly northeast toward Sandy Hook, from which point they expected to cross to New York. About midway between the northern and southern boundaries of New Jersey, and twenty miles or thereabouts inland from the Atlantic shore, directly west of the now famous pleasure grounds of Long Branch and Asbury Park, is the little town of Freehold. It was close to this town, on the spacious plains of Monmouth, that the contending legions of Great Britain and America met on the 28th of June, 1778, and there followed close upon this meeting the most complicated and terrific battle of the grand old war which we are following.

When the sun rose that morning it shed a misty light down upon the pleasant landscape and told the early villagers of the little town hardby that the day would be the sultriest of the year. The songs of birds mingled with the faint sound of distant church bells, for it was the Christian Sabbath. The sky was cloudless over the plains of Monmouth on that memorable morning — the day on which the genius of the Baron Steuben should move 20,000 men on that vast field with mathematical exactness, as if the mighty band of patriots were some scientific instrument manipulated by a master hand.

The two armies began to prepare for action about one o'clock in the morning, and by daybreak they were

both in motion. Before nine o'clock detachments met in deadly conflict, and from that hour until dark, on that long summer day, beneath a scorching sun, the fearful conflict waged. Before the main action of the day had begun General Washington sent an advance division to attack the rear guard of the enemy, under command of General Charles Lee. With Lee and his advance division were young Lafayette and the gallant Wayne. When they drew near to the British rear guard Lee ordered Wayne to ride ahead with a few troops and open fire on the enemy, saying that he would follow. This the fearless Wayne proceeded to do, but General Lee with the main body of his advance division did not follow as he had promised. Leaving Wayne to battle with the enemy's rear guard as best he could, Lee ordered his soldiers to retreat before they had had a chance to fire a single shot, and they rushed back over the path which they had travelled in disorder and confusion. Meanwhile, General Wayne with his handful of men, betrayed by the man who had promised to reinforce him, dashed down the line and held his own in the face of a terrific fire from the British rear guard.

When General Washington, advancing with his main army toward the enemy, met the retreating forces under Lee, he could not comprehend the situation. Lafayette did not know why they had been ordered to retreat,

as the only soldiers of the advance division who had seen any fighting were the ones who had gone ahead with Wayne. As the commander-in-chief, dumb with anger and astonishment, was watching the retreating advance division as it came straggling back along the road, he espied Charles Lee, and riding up to him, he thundered out,

"I demand, sir, to know the meaning of this confusion!"

Overawed by the manner of the commander-in-chief, Lee could only stammer out, "Sir, sir."

WASHINGTON AND LEE AT MONMOUTH

But Washington, white with rage, ordered him to the rear. And for the rest of that day the haughty Lee watched the engagement from a neighboring hill, commenting on the movements of the Continental Army with many sneers and with much vulgar ridicule. The following day he sent an insulting letter

to the commander-in-chief for which action he was suspended from the army.[1] There has always lurked about the name of Lee a dark shadow which sometimes seems to take the form of unsuccessful treason, and many there are who think that on that memorable day he intended to give the British an advantage which might have enabled them to win the battle.

We shall not meet with General Lee again, for he had no further connection with the patriot cause and died, obscure and penniless, in Philadelphia soon after the war had closed. He hated Wayne and Washington with all his heart until the very end. He was a long, lank man, with watery eyes and thin hair and thin lips and all the evidences of a weak character. He had no respect for God or man, and his last words as he lay on his dying bed were a request that he might not be buried within fifty yards of any Christian Church.

If General Lee intended to give the British an advantage on that day at Monmouth he must have suffered a keen disappointment. The army was soon rallied and placed in order, thanks to the training the patriots had received at Valley Forge; a detachment here, a divison there, and before the day was well on the bitter fight began, in deadly earnest.

[1] Charles Lee was in no way connected with the great family of the same name in Virginia.

It was during this battle that Molly Pitcher, the wife of one of the Continental soldiers, saw her husband shot down beneath the cannon he was loading, and rushing

MOLLY PITCHER

wildly to his vacant place, she sent its contents crashing among the royal forces.

The right wing of the army was commanded by General Greene, the left wing by General Sterling. Lafayette and Wayne both fought gallantly, and the presence of General Washington on the field throughout the day filled the troops with uncontrollable enthusiasm. When the sun went down the advantage was with the

Americans, and General Washington anxiously waited for the night to pass in the hope of a complete victory on the following day.

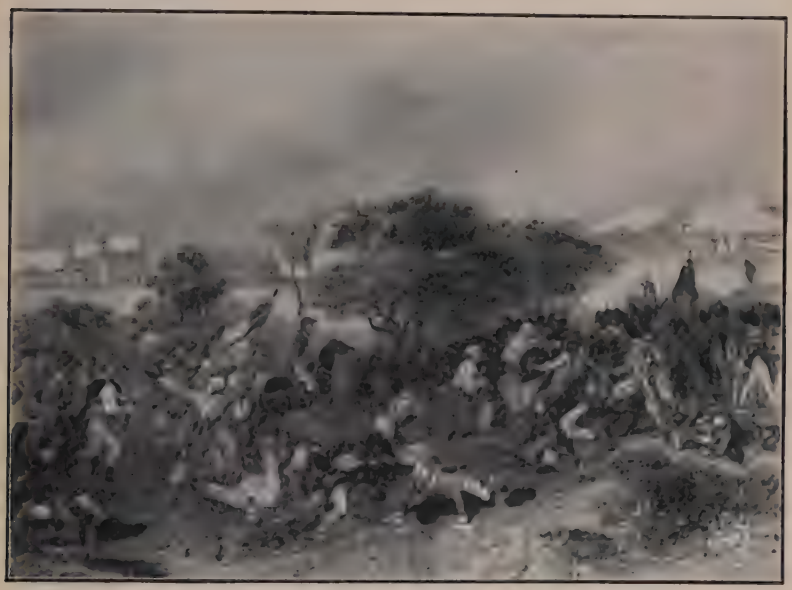
But Sir Henry Clinton, seeing defeat staring him in the face, took advantage of the darkness to withdraw his army, and when the patriots awoke in the morning the entire red-coat legion had disappeared. The British proceeded to Sandy Hook, as they had intended to do, and then crossed over to New York, where they took a little vacation from active warfare and indulged themselves with social pleasures.

The loss to the Americans at the battle of Monmouth about was 67 killed and 150 wounded. The British left nearly 300 dead upon the field. Such was the battle of Monmouth, the most important military event of the year 1778.

JUNE 17 Congress informs British commissioners that peace is impossible.

During the summer of 1778, a band of Indians and Tories combined to make murderous raids in the Mohawk Valley, in New York, and in the Wyoming Valley, in Pennsylvania. At the beginning of July, 1,100 of these white and dusky savages entered the beautiful valley of Wyoming and turned it into a scene of bloodshed and woe. They made their raid in this locality when the strong men were all away, many of them serving in the Continental Army, and when only the women and a few aged men were left to defend their

homes. Many fled for safety into a fort near Wilkes-Barre where they were compelled to surrender. This was on the 5th of July. A fearful tragedy now ensued. The Indians, thirsting for blood and plunder, broke



BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

forth unrestrained upon the defenseless people of the Wyoming Valley. They swept over the land, spreading death and desolation everywhere. The blaze of more than twenty lowly dwellings lighted up the sky on that eventful night, and as the pale moon rose over the dreadful scene it found the terrified inhabitants fleeing

to the swamps and mountains where many of them perished. That dreary, shadowy region has ever since been called "The Shades of Death," and the wind which echoes through its dim recesses, seems even now to be moaning out a requiem for the homeless souls who died there in the year 1778.

After the battle of Monmouth, General Washington did not pursue the British, but marching to New Brunswick, and thence to the Hudson River, he proceeded to White Plains, in New York, where the army encamped until late in autumn.

JULY 3 Congress meets in Philadelphia

Early in July the Count D'Estaing came sailing into the Delaware River with his fleet, where he expected to find the British squadron under Earl Howe. But, as we know, Earl Howe had sailed to New York, where now all the British land and naval forces were concentrated. So after notifying the Continental Congress of his arrival, the French Admiral bent his course to New York, where he arrived on the 11th of July. But the British fleet was very comfortably situated in the bay, quite free from danger, for the heavy French vessels could not get past the bar from Sandy Hook to Staten Island. It must have been quite exasperating to the Count to see the British vessels so near and yet so inaccessible, but there was nothing to do but sail away again, for he could not get at them.

JULY 9 Articles of confederation signed by eight states.

So at the request of General Washington he sailed eastward to help General Sullivan, who was trying to drive a strong force of British out of Rhode Island. General Sullivan's forces met the French fleet in the

MASSACRE OF WYOMING

neighborhood of Newport. Soon, Lafayette arrived with some reinforcements from General Washington's camp, and the American troops took post at Tiverton. The American land forces and the French fleet were just about to make a joint attack upon the British when

suddenly Lord Howe's fleet from New York came in sight and there was great excitement. So, instead of bombarding the British land forces as he had intended to do, the Count D'Estaing sailed out to meet Lord Howe. While the two squadrons were preparing for an engagement a terrific storm came up, and the Count withdrew his vessels to Boston, while the British admiral sailed back to New York. It is curious to note how something always happened to prevent the Count D'Estaing from engaging in a battle. He sailed about from place to place but seemed never to be able to get into a fight. If John Paul Jones had been in charge of the French squadron there is no telling what he might have done in his impetuous and reckless fashion. General Sullivan laid siege to Newport, but was unable to continue without the aid of the French fleet, and he finally withdrew his troops. The British pursued the Americans and overtook them in the northern part of Rhode Island, where on the 29th of August a conflict took place. The scene of this battle is known as Quaker Hill, and here after a brave fight the patriots succeeded in driving the British back. Immediately afterward the forces under General Sullivan retreated to Bristol, which was an exceedingly fortunate move, for on the very next day 4,000 soldiers arrived from New York under General

JULY 24 Georgia signs articles of confederation.

SEPT. 27 Massacre at Tappan.

Clinton to reinforce the red-coats who had fought at Quaker Hill.

On the third of November, the Count D'Estaing sailed with his fleet for the West Indies. France had already broken her treaty with the Americans, for she had agreed to land an army in America to help the patriots and she had not done so. The fleet of D'Estaing had done nothing to help the cause of Independence, and now withdrew entirely from the scene of action. The Count's intention was to attack the British possessions in the West Indies, and the British Admiral, suspecting this, sailed after him to defend them. Thus deprived of his naval forces Clinton could not hope to accomplish much in the north, so on the 27th of November he despatched 2,000 troops to invade Georgia. They were met at Savannah on the 29th of December by 1,000 Americans, who after a gallant defense of the town, fled, and took shelter in South Carolina. The British thus gained a foothold in Savannah which they continued to hold almost until the close of the war. This event brings us to the threshold of the year 1779, and forms an appropriate ending to our story for 1778.

Nov. 28
South Carolina constitution takes effect.

WE GAIN SOME VICTORIES

WE shall spend the year 1779 partly in the north, partly in the south, and partly on the sea. Before the new year was well under way, General Washington and the Continental Congress agreed that the patriot army should act on the defensive; that is, that they should let the British run after them instead of running after the British, for this course was less hazardous and less expensive. Whether this cautious policy was fully carried out the story of 1779 must show. Few campaigns are carried out just as they are planned, which is an excellent thing, for otherwise our old enemy, General Burgoyne, would have captured the whole of New England in the year 1777. But General Washington and the Congress were agreed

JAN. 11 Lafayette sails for France to ask the French king for more aid.

that there should be one exception to this policy of defence, and that was that the Indians and Tories should be dealt with in a severe and decisive manner in retaliation for the terrible massacre of Wyoming.

The last thing which happened in the year 1778 was the taking of Savannah by the British and the flight of the Americans into South Carolina. You will bear in mind that the fighting in the south was not done by the main body of the American Army, which was still encamped in the north, and whose movements we shall consider later.

GENERAL LINCOLN

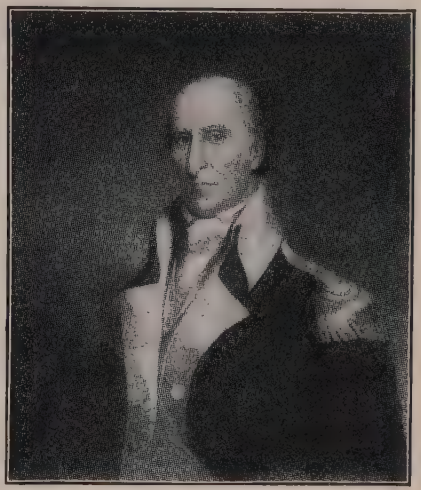
On the 9th of January, 1779, the British gained another victory in the south, when General Prevost with a band of red-coats marched from Florida and captured the Americans at Fort Sunbury, in Georgia.

Shortly after this General Prevost assumed command of all the British forces in the South. General Lincoln

had already been sent to take charge of the patriot forces in the southern colonies, and early in January, he established himself at Perrysburg, across the river from Savannah, where he began to form an army. The war fought in the south was very different from the campaigns carried on in New York and New Jersey. In the first place, the south was full of Tories, so that in some localities practically all the inhabitants were supporters of the king, and the American Army, to some extent at least, was fighting in a hostile country—as were the British in the north. South Carolina was disgracefully full of British loyalists who aided and abetted the red-coat army in many ways. Besides, this the south was full of dismal swamps and sombre forests where scientific military engagements were impossible. The population of the southern colonies was not so large as that of the northern, and often the towns and settlements were many miles apart. Indeed the general character of the South and its people was particularly favorable to an adventurous kind of warfare, to midnight raids and little skirmishes, and as a result of all this the patriot leaders who become famous in the south had about them all the fascination of pirates and outlaws without possessing any of the bad qualities of those wicked, but romantic, professions. General Francis Marion, the

JAN. 14 Congress agrees not to make peace with England without the consent of France.

"Swamp Fox," was one of these, and Sumter was another, and they led the British many a weary, fruitless march through tangled underbrush and slimy morass; but the story of these adventurous leaders will come a little later, though it should be mentioned that they were busy all the time.



And'w Pickens

COLONEL PICKENS

There was one prize in the south on which the British had ever cast a covetous and longing eye, and that was the city of Charleston. You will recollect that they tried to take it by sea in 1776 and were repulsed by the gallant band of southern patriots in the palmetto fort; and now again the land forces of King George, under Prevost and his assistant, Campbell, cast an envious glance at the seaport metropolis of the south, and began edging over to it with the view of making the same convenient use of the town that the merry red-coats of the north had already made of Philadelphia and New York; that is,

a comfortable and agreeable camping ground and scene of lively revels.

So, while General Lincoln was forming his army on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River, the British marched up on the Georgia side as far as Augusta, where they began to make enticing promises to the Creek Indians with the view of enlisting their barbarous co-operation in the proposed undertaking. While these overtures were being made to the bewildered red men—who never from the first day of the war until it closed had the slightest notion of what it was all about—a band of Tories started out to desolate the frontier region of North and South Carolina. Hearing of these murderous raids, Colonel Pickens, with a goodly band of patriots, marched against the Tories and at Kettle Creek broke up all their fine plans for joining the British in Augusta by administering to them such a flaying as to considerably diminish their enthusiasm for the King's cause.

The news of this affair caused the eyes of General Campbell, at Augusta, to open exceedingly wide, and his astonishment was just beginning to abate when he learned that General Lincoln had sent a thousand men to drive him from Augusta, and on the 13th of February he led his red-coats, and his Tories, and his Indians away from the threatened camp, and the miscellaneous army of Great Britain bent its steps south-eastward in

the direction of Charleston and the sea. The Americans pursued him for forty miles, and then discontinued the chase and formed a camp at Brier Creek, where on the 3d of March, another force of Britishers, under General Prevost himself, surprised them, and the patriots lost nearly their whole number in a terrible defeat. This victory was so encouraging to General Prevost that he hastened after the other British troops which General Campbell was leading eastward toward Charleston. General Lincoln, seeing the danger which menaced that city, hastened after the British.

On the 11th of May, the entire British Army in the south stood before the good old city of Charleston, and demanded its immediate surrender. This was very promptly refused. Then General Prevost prepared to take it by assault. But just as his preparations were finished and the city seemed well nigh doomed, the British general learned that General Lincoln with a vast army of patriots was nearing the city. At this intelligence, the British retreated, and the town, having been in the every jaws of the enemy, escaped once more from the disgrace of British occupancy.

The southern summer, with its languid and oppressive influence, was now coming on apace, and it bade fair to give the armies such a scorching as they had never had before. The burning sun turned its battery of

glaring rays upon the contending forces, and there was no withstanding their assault. Meekly and with befitting submission to the mighty enemy, the patriots, and red-coats, and Tories, and Indians laid down their arms, and with one accord began to fan themselves, as the only possible defence against this common foe.

When the autumn came, its refreshing breezes wafted to the coast of Georgia the roving Count D'Estaing with his gallant squadron from the West Indies. He was ready at last to lend a helping hand, and he and General Lincoln put their heads together and planned a joint attack upon Savannah, which you will remember, was in possession of the British. The Count was as good as his word, for he actually landed troops and battery guns, and the combined armies proceeded to lay siege to the British stronghold on September 23d. The city of Savannah, which, as you know, is at the mouth of the Savannah River, was surrounded by the troops and vessels very nicely indeed, and the British within were very much astonished at being made prisoners in their town. The days passed until finally the Count and General Lincoln concluded that they had remained inactive long enough and that they would try to take the town by storm. So on October 9th, the allied forces opened fire on the besieged city, and a desperate conflict of five hours ensued. At the end of that

time, the Count D'Estaing refused to continue the siege and General Lincoln could do nothing but abandon it. Within ten days he and his army were on their way to Charleston and Savannah remained in the hands of the English. The city might very easily have been taken but for the Count D'Estaing, who seemed to make a specialty of preventing American victories and upsetting American plans. He now sailed out to sea again, and this is the last we shall hear of him for the present though we shall soon have an opportunity of witnessing a genuine sea fight before long, of the kind to gladden patriotic hearts.

COUNT PULASKI

Among the mortally wounded in the battle outside Savannah was the Count Pulaski, a gallant Pole, who fought bravely with the Continental Army. He had done good service in the patriot cause in more than one encounter, and his name is gratefully inscribed with

those of other noble foreigners who had laid down their lives in the interests of American liberty.

Another brave and noble patriot fell in that battle which terminated the siege of Savannah; the impetuous Sergeant Jasper, who, in Charleston Harbor three years before, had raised the flag above Fort Moultrie in the face of a terrific fire from the British fleet.

Both of these heroes are to-day honored by the city near which they received their mortal wounds, for two parks bearing their names have been laid out in Savannah as a perpetual memorial to their bravery and their fate.

Thus ended the fighting in the south for the year 1779, the Americans still in possession of Charleston and the British still holding Savannah, the prize which they had won near the close of the year 1778.

We must now hasten north again to rejoin the army under Washington, and follow the events which were taking place in New York while our red-coat adversaries were laying plans to capture Charleston.

You will recollect that Sir Henry Clinton, with the main body of his forces, was in New York, but as his army was considerably weakened by the absence of the regiments he had sent into the south, he was forced to give up the idea of a regular campaign, if he had any such hope, and to content himself with sending out

little marauding expeditions to plunder the neighboring country. General Tryon, the former royal governor of New York, who was a past master in conducting marauding parties and a perfect adept in the art of burning villages, was sent into Connecticut, with instructions to proceed along the seacoast and destroy every town he passed through. This was just the sort of work that Tryon took delight in, and he sallied forth with 1,500 British regulars and Hessians, seeking whom he might destroy. When he reached Greenwich, he found some patriot forces under General Putnam, whom he soon dispersed. But stout old Putnam, rallying his troops, pursued the British toward New York, recaptured some of the plunder, and took thirty prisoners into the bargain.

MAY 4
Delaware signs articles of confederation.

In May, Sir George Collier, with a small British squadron, took a company of red-coats to Hampton Roads, for another little tour of devastation. They ravaged the country all the way to Norfolk, and then returned to New York in order to assist Sir Henry Clinton in a little scheme which the baronet had planned.

About forty miles above New York on the Hudson River stood a little hill, as round and even as an inverted bowl, which was connected with the mainland by a wide marsh, except when the tide was high, and then it was not connected at all. This was only about ten miles

below West Point, where Fort Putnam reared its head on the brow of the mountain, and where the Americans had a goodly stock of military stores. It was, on the whole, an ideal place to build a fort, and General Washington, prompt to appreciate this fact, and seeing how valuable a fort upon this little hill would be in commanding the river, had set the patriot soldiers in that locality to building one. The place was known as Stony Point, and in the pleasant month of May, in the year whose events we are following, the patriots had reared upon the little hill such a fort as to excite the longing of Sir Henry Clinton in New York. It seemed to the British general that practically the whole Hudson River above Dobb's Ferry was swarming with American forts, as indeed it was, for on the eastern bank stood Fort Putnam, with just below it the two forts—Clinton and Montgomery—which the British had taken and then abandoned before Burgoyne's surrender; and now a new fort just below these at Stony Point, which the Americans had almost completed. Besides these strongholds, the western bank of the river was also well supplied with forts, for right opposite Fort Putnam was Fort Constitution, and just opposite Stony Point was Verplanck's Point, both garrisoned by Americans.

As the fort which, like a coronet, crowned the summit of the hill at Stony Point, neared completion, the sinister

glance of Sir Henry Clinton was directed more covetously toward it, for he had begun to feel that he must have control of the Hudson River at any cost. We shall later see to what low and disgraceful extremes he would go in order to gain that control, but his object just now was to acquire it in a dignified, military manner by sailing up the river and appropriating Stony Point. Then he could take Verplanck's Point across the stream. and then Fort Putnam, if all went well, and so on up the river.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

So in the latter part of May, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton himself with a goodly company of red-coats sailed out of New York and up the placid bosom of the Hudson River to take the fort at Stony Point and finish it to his liking. As his squadron came in sight there was great excitement among the Americans, who realized that they would be totally unable to resist the cannon of the British. And all their work for nothing! Here was the fort

almost finished, and Sir Henry Clinton coming up the river to take it! He had actually waited until it was nearly ready, and now here he was to march in and take possession. The feeble garrison, unable to combat the overwhelming numbers of Sir Henry's forces, escaped from the new fortification, and on the 1st of June the British took possession of the unfinished fort, and instantly turned its guns across the stream on Verplanck's Point, and took that also. Both forts were then strongly garrisoned by the British; and so Sir Henry Clinton gained a foothold in the Hudson Highlands.

This settling of the enemy in the midst of the Highlands was a serious matter to the Americans, but there was no help for it, for a strong garrison at Stony Point, considering the natural advantages of the place, was practically unassailable. Various plans for ousting the British were suggested and considered, but none of them seemed to the commander-in-chief possible of success, and so time went on and the British soldiers smiled down from the brow of the pleasant little hill upon the river, for to be sure, they had every reason to smile and feel secure.

Finally, however, General Anthony Wayne sought out the commander-in-chief and said to him,

"We ought to have our fort back; it is fitted up now much better than when we lost it, and if we do not take

it soon the enemy will be going after something else in this vicinity."

"Ah," said General Washington, "but we have no squadron to sail up the river and bombard it. What would you suggest?"

"My suggestion," said General Wayne, "is to storm it."

"Storm it?" said the commander, in great astonishment. "Can you do it?"

Then the eye of Anthony Wayne twinkled as it sometimes did, and he replied,

"General, I'll be glad to storm hell if you will plan it."

But Washington was slow to give his approval to such a dare-devil enterprise, much as he wished for his beloved fort. He finally consented, however, with much doubt and hesitation, and Anthony Wayne forthwith proceeded to the hazardous enterprise of taking Stony Point by storm. On the night of June 15th, the daring and reckless Wayne led a small force from Stony Beach, where his division was encamped. On through the darkness the soldiers marched silently and all in ignorance of what they were to do. That day a party of soldiers had been sent ahead to kill all the dogs along the road in order that perfect silence might prevail when the troops marched by at night. It was nearly

midnight when the regiments under General Wayne reached the neighborhood of the fortified hill which he he had resolved to take. Here they divided into two columns, one of which was led by General Wayne in person. These two divisions then proceeded to ascend the hill from opposite sides. Not a gun was loaded for fear that some inadvertent shot might wake the sleeping garrison. Up, up, up, the two divisions marched, pressing their way through the darkness. As they neared the summit of the hill the alarm was given in the fort, and the aroused and furious red-coats sent a volley of shot from either side of the fortress into the ascending columns. But it was too late. The gallant patriots pressed on and up and scaled the parapet and then with rousing cheers pressed their way with the aid of their glittering bayonets into the very center of the fort! Here, to the utter amazement of the British, the two ascending columns met and sent up a shout which echoed over the black river. In the midst of these cries of victory the gallant Wayne, who had fallen wounded by the way, was brought into the fort bleeding, and as was supposed, dying. They held him up while he received the surrender of the garrison, and Stony Point was once again in possession of the Americans.

JUNE 15 Congress asks Louis XVI of France for his portrait

JUNE 15 Spain declares war against England

For this daring enterprise and splendid victory Congress gave the heroic Wayne a gold medal, and the

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT

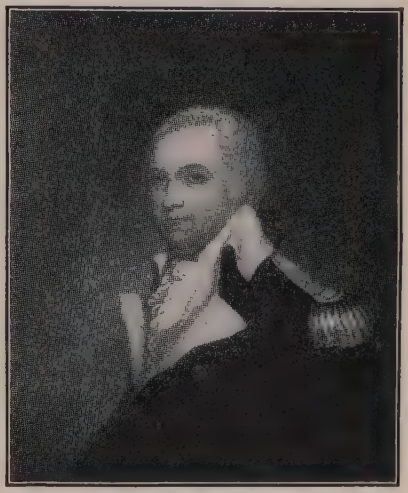
people, wild with enthusiasm, gave him a name which he has always held in American history—the nickname of "Mad Anthony." The British lost in this encounter

about 600 men, while the loss to the patriots was slight. The retaking of Stony Point had an electrical effect upon the whole country. People who had despaired of the patriotic cause took heart again, and in the ranks of the suffering army the news created boundless joy. Such courage and skill as the gallant Wayne and his brave men had shown were bound to win in the end, and the realization of this fact pervaded even the British camp.

Three days after this inspiring conquest another splendid victory for the patriots was achieved. Major Henry Lee,[1] who is known in our history as "Light Horse Harry," surprised a British garrison at Jersey City, and killed thirty-six of the red-coats and captured nearly one hundred and fifty. These and similar successes went far to raise the spirits of our discouraged Continentals, but a sad event in Maine, a month later, produced much sorrow throughout the country. Forty vessels were sent from Massachusetts to capture a British post at Castine on the east side of Penobscot Bay. A British fleet entered the harbor after the American ships had anchored, destroyed the entire flotilla, captured many of the sailors and soldiers, and dispersed the remainder of them in the northern wilderness.

[1] Light Horse Harry Lee was the father of the famous Confederate general Robert E. Lee.

The vast solitudes west of the Alleghany Mountains now resounded with the din of arms. The Tories and Indians came in great numbers from beyond the Ohio to ravage the settlements in the country which now forms the state of Kentucky. Major Clarke led an expedition which captured several British posts north of the Ohio River. One of them was recaptured by the British and then again recaptured by the Americans.



MAJOR HENRY LEE

While our armies in the south were waiting for the summer to pass before resuming operations, the faithful General Sullivan was sent to punish the savages who had devastated the Wyoming Valley. Before three weeks had passed forty Indian villages had been destroyed.

With 5,000 men General Sullivan dealt such a blow of retaliation to the merciless savages that his very name became a terror in their country.

But we must hasten now to consider an event which was more directly connected with the war itself. It was a glorious victory indeed and helped to raise the shadow from the American cause. With the storming of Stony Point it made the gloomy year of '79 glorious.

While France had contributed very little substantial help to the Colonial cause she had, nevertheless, been instrumental in making a splendid victory possible to the patriots; for she had fitted up a makeshift squadron in her own waters, and placed it at the disposal of John Paul Jones, who had been bothering the French king for more than a year to give him a few boats in which to go after the English. One of these vessels, an old wooden tub, called the *Bon Homme Richard*, is famous in our history, for on the 23d of September, 1779, she gave the British Empire such a shock that old England has never quite recovered from the blow. Great Britain has forgiven General Washington and spoken kindly of him, and has admitted that Dr. Franklin was a very wonderful man. She has forgiven Wayne, and Greene, and Putnam, and even old Samuel Adams and the rebellious Hancock—but John Paul Jones, never! She has put him down as a pirate and an outlaw and everything that is bad. She hates his very name. For many years when little English children along the British sea coast were disobedient and unruly,

their mothers had but to tell them that John Paul Jones would come and get them, and that was enough; they would behave. Even now the stout and merry John Bull, smiling at us across the wide Atlantic, and reaching out his hand to us in cordial fellowship, scowls and looks exceedingly perturbed at the mention of John Paul Jones. And why? Simply because he hurt the pride of England, right in the face of all the other nations.

Jno. Sullivan

GENERAL SULLIVAN

He sailed into her waters with an old makeshift squadron and with a clumsy tub as his flagship, and he hurled defiance at her invincible navy, with all its glorious traditions Great Britain had ravaged the American coast to her heart's content. Her vessels had sailed along the shores of Virginia, making bon-fires of the little villages and sacking them of all they contained. Her navy, at least, was supreme and resistless and no one denied it. And now came this upstart, Paul Jones,

into her very waters, with a collection of ships which he had begged in France, to actually annihilate one of her proud men-of-war. It was too much for old England to bear, and she has never been able to think of John Paul Jones except as a wicked pirate.

It was on this day, the 23d of September, that Jones from his flagship near the mouth of the Humber River espied two British war-ships, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, approaching in company with the Baltic fleet of merchantmen. This prize was too tempting for the daring spirit of John Paul Jones to resist. He ordered all his ships to give chase, and by seven o'clock that night, was within easy musket shot of the *Serapis*. Then ensued one of the fiercest naval battles of which we have any record. When the two vessels were close enough, Jones essayed to board the *Serapis*. He was driven back, and Pearson, the captain of the *Serapis*, shouted, "Have your colors struck?"

SEPT. 30 Massachusetts committee assembles at Boston.

"I haven't begun to fight yet," came the reply through the darkness.

When the vessels again came in close contact Jones quickly lashed them together, and the two crews fought madly, now on the deck of one ship, now on the other, while the guns of both vessels did their deadly work.

Fire broke out in several places on the *Serapis* and

about half past nine the *Richard* also was found to be burning. A cry was raised—"The *Richard* is sinking!"

COM. PAUL JONES CAPTURING THE SERAPIS

Furiously and desperately they fought on. Nothing seemed more impossible than victory for Jones. Yet he continued to fight and soon Pearson's mainmast reeled from a gun shot. He could hold out no longer

but struck his flag and surrendered to John Paul Jones, with the surly remark,

"It is painful to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a rope round his neck."

Jones courteously returned the sword, as he said,

"Sir, you have fought like a hero, and no doubt your king will reward you in the most ample manner."

Later when Paul Jones was told that the king had knighted Pearson, "Well, he deserves it," was his comment, "and if I fall in with him again, I'll make a lord of him."

Three hours the battle had lasted, and now all the survivors gave their attention to putting out the flames on the *Serapis*. The *Richard* was beyond help, and sank rapidly, every living man having been transferred to the *Serapis*.

Oct. 26 British evacuate Rhode Island.

Ten days after this Paul Jones ran into a port of Holland, taking with him the *Countess of Scarborough* which had also been captured by one of his yessels. Here he remained for ten weeks, in spite of the demand of England that Holland surrender him, his prizes. Holland's Refusal caused much irritation between the two countries and contributed to the war between them which came about a year later.

With this battle we will close the story of 1779.

A YEAR OF FAILURE

THE new year found Sir Henry Clinton on his way south with 3,000 British troops. The fleet which bore him southward contained 2,000 marines, so that his entire army numbered 7,000 men. He left a division to take care of New York during his absence, and had high hopes that when he returned to his headquarters in the North the war would have closed. The baronet was not in that happy state of mind which New Year's Day is apt to bring, for he had received bad news from England. He knew that young Lafayette had been in France to plead with the French king for some ships and soldiers to help the cause of independence, and now came the disheartening intelligence that the gallant little marquis had succeeded and

JAN. 23
Gen. Lincoln writes to Washington for orders.

that another French fleet with a goodly donation of troops and stores was about to sail for America. Exactly how much help these new reinforcements from the friendly king of France would really give no one pretended to say, but it was known that the number of troops was large and the news encouraged the patriots and troubled Sir Henry Clinton. On the whole, the baronet thought that it would be best for his army to make one more try for Charleston while there was still time, and he had resolved to attend to the capture of this stubborn town in person.

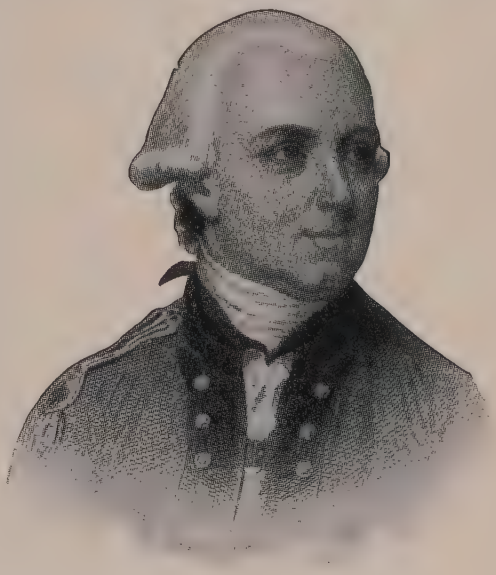
JAN. 26 Arnold found not guilty of charges made against him.

At this time, the patriotic army in the North was distributed through the Hudson Highlands on both sides of the river, where, as we know, General Washington had erected many forts. The red-coats who had not gone south rested comfortably in New York under the gentlemanly care of Lord Cornwallis and the Hessian general, Knyphausen.

Now it transpired that when the commander-in-chief perceived that Sir Henry Clinton was evidently bent on some elaborate enterprise in the southern territory, he became alarmed lest the patriots of the South be not able to defend themselves against the great invader from New York. So he dispatched some troops under the brave Baron De Kalb, with instructions to

hasten toward the unfortunate Charleston, which was being perpetually menaced either by land or by sea.

These events naturally transferred the scene of warfare to the South again, and while our patriot army is resting along the banks of the placid Hudson, and the red-coats who were left in New York are congratulating themselves that Sir Henry did not take them south to swelter for the summer, we must hasten down into the country toward which the British fleet is sailing, and into which the brave De Kalb is hastening by land.



SIR HENRY CLINTON

On the 11th of February, 1780, Sir Henry Clinton landed his troops near Charleston and made preparations for besieging the town. His purpose was to gain control of the city and then to march into the interior, capture the entire South, and end the war.

The city was occupied by 1,400 men under General Lincoln, and though the number was small and their chance for success but slight, they made ready to defend their town. The British had landed a few miles below the harbor, and after a roundabout march, they succeeded in getting into an excellent position just north of the city. While Sir Henry was thus engaged, General Lincoln received some reinforcements from Virginia, numbering about a thousand men, and these were very gratefully welcomed by the American leader, who saw that the city would soon be entirely surrounded by the enemy, and would be in far greater danger than it had ever been before.

FEB. 6 Congress calls for 30,000 men.

Scarcely had the reinforcements from Virginia entered the city than Admiral Arbuthnot with the British fleet, succeeded in passing Fort Moultrie, in the harbor, the little fortress which had repulsed another British fleet so gallantly in 1776, and anchored his vessels within cannon shot of the city. Charleston was now at last completely surrounded by the British and it seemed as if her day of doom was near at hand. On the south in he spacious harbor were British vessels; on the west, in the Cooper River, were more British vessels; and on the north of the city, reaching across from one river to the other, was Sir Henry Clinton with his army. There was a red-coat circle right around the town, and in the

centre was General Lincoln with less than 3,000 men. Sir Henry had been compelled to break up his army in New York to accomplish this. He had been forced to transfer the whole theatre of warfare in order to arrange a triumph worth reporting to the king and his impatient ministers. But the necessity was great, as Sir Henry Clinton fully realized. He knew that the British parliament was in no mood to listen to unfavorable reports, nor to tolerate inaction in America. The war had been, on the whole, a humiliating disappointment to old England. Five long years had worn away and the colonial rebels had not yet been subdued. Forlorn and hungry, unpaid and ill clad, the sturdy patriots were still fighting when occasion came or opportuinty invited, and they seemed to be undaunted. There was no money in the Continental treasury, and the paper currency was not worth the paper it was printed on. They had no ships worth mentioning; their stock of military stores in Fort Putnam, at West Point, was small, and this was all they had. They were gathered along the Hudson resolved on protecting these stores. Their victories had been gallant and inspiring, but not always profitable. The fort which General Wayne had taken at Stony Point, the beloved little fortress on the hill, had to be destroyed and abandoned because the patriots could not defend it and it was feared that the

British might retake it. General Washington's army could now do nothing but hope for favorable tidings from De Kalb who had gone south, and wait patiently for the arrival of the promised reinforcements from France.

FEB. 25 Congress calls upon the States for supplies.

And yet through all these gloomy circumstances and forebodings, one fact rose up which England could not fail to see and take to heart, and this was that the patriots were still fighting; that defeats and difficulties only gave them more incentive and enthusiasm; that the more they suffered, the more they longed for liberty; and that the greater and heavier became their burden, the stronger and more unconquerable became their resolution. Such is the power of principle. If the patriots had declared war in order to gain some territory, to prevent or avenge a royal marriage, or to reinstate a fallen king, or to settle a boundary dispute, they would probably have been annihilated in a year. But they were fighting for the liberty which they claimed to be a birthright. Edmund Burke had said, in reference to their inability to carry on a war, that one man in the right was stronger than ten men in the wrong. And so it proved. But England did not understand it at all. She was on the other side of the ocean where she could not see the state of things in America, and her only information was gained from the military reports of

MARCH 13 Clinton approaches Charleston.

her generals, which said nothing about this spirit of freedom that filled the souls of men and women and children throughout the United States. The stupid king thought that he was simply fighting an army of rebels. But in reality he was fighting against a law of nature, and such a thing has never been really conquered in the history of the world.

It was now early in April, and Sir Henry Clinton was prepared to deal his one last staggering blow to the army of freedom. He sent in to the city of Charleston to call General Lincoln's careful attention to the desperate plight which the Americans were in, and to urge surrender.

The answer which General Lincoln sent to the British camp was worthy of the cause, for he replied that Charleston would be defended to the last extremity. He was a rare patriot, was this General Lincoln, and Sir Henry Clinton, down in his British heart, admired him.

So Charleston, with less than 3,000 soldiers, was to be defended against this mighty legion that surrounded it.

"Very well," said His Excellency, Sir Henry Clinton, "we will press the siege with vigor." And so the famous siege of Charleston, South Carolina, began.

On the night of the 9th of May the thunder of two hundred British cannon shook the beleaguered rampart of the patriots. The vessels poured their deadly missiles into the doomed city. The resistless forces of Sir Henry Clinton beat down the fortifications. The sky was lurid with the flames from burning homesteads. Charleston was on fire in five places. The reflection of the burning city was cast upon the waters of her harbor so that the very bay and rivers which surrounded her seemed to be in flames. The deafening roar of cannons, and the crashing noise of falling timbers, sounded far into the country beyond the suffering city, on that dreadful night. Here indeed was an assault worthy of the British arms. Here was such an attack as in its majesty and military grandeur the British army had not made since the French and Indian War. Here indeed was a military enterprise worthy of a better cause. The attack from east and south and north and west was continuous and terrible. At last old England had the rebels in a tight place and was shaking her fist at them in a most relentless manner. They had ousted her royal army from Boston, and humiliated it at Saratoga, and here was her revenge! Charleston must bow down in the dust and the red-coats, trampling over her, would take the

April 20 Cornwallis arrives at Charleston with reinforcements.

April 27 Lafayette arrives at Boston from France.

whole southern country. They would sack the villages, murder the inhabitants that resisted, and spread terror among the patriotic farmers. The thousands of Tories would rise up and help them. They would vanquish every rebel in the south while Washington was waiting for the French fleet in the Highlands of New York. In another six months, the Stamp Act would be in force. The army of the king had turned itself into a powerful and vengeful monster.

LAFAYETTE

When morning came Sir Henry Clinton was resolved to take the town by storm. The vessels moved nearer and kept up a persistent cannonade all day, and when evening came again old Charleston was tottering. At two o'clock on the morning of the 12th of May, a proposition to surrender was made by Clinton again, and General Lincoln could do nothing but accept for any other course would have been insane. At noontime of that day the Continental troops marched out, and laying down their arms, became prisoners of war.

The news went forth that Charleston had fallen—Charleston, which had held her own throughout the war. For six years had she looked defiantly from her little peninsula out over the Atlantic. Once had she sent a British fleet, with this same Sir Henry Clinton, sailing to New York under fire from her gallant little fort of palmetto trees. And now she had fallen, and with her the entire patriot army in the south.

MAY 2 Mutiny in Connecticut regiments

Instantly and with one accord, the Tories, taking courage, came from far and near to rally round the British flag. Lord Cornwallis with more British troops from New York had landed in time to be present at the ending of the siege of Charletson. It was with a glorious outlook that he took command of all the British forces in the south, and on June 5th his superior, Sir Henry Clinton, sailed for New York. And Lord Cornwallis remained commander of the southern army until the end. The whole of South Carolina was at his feet, and he treated the inhabitants like slaves. His tyranny was cruel and unbounded. He permitted and justified every sort of outrage by his troops, and these outrages included every crime that is abhorrent to humanity. The south was practically under British rule. The red-coats over-ran

MAY 8 Legislature in Virginia meets.

the country, trampling on the common rights of private citizens, burning houses, murdering women and children, and intimidating all who, in terror, did not swear allegiance to the king.

It was during those gloomy times, when organized resistance to the royal troops was impossible, that there came into prominence several men who organized little bands of loyal patriots, to defend the South against the Tories who were rising up by hundreds, and to annoy the British.

FRANCIS MARION

These men hid in the swamps and marshes with their followers, coming out at night to do, by bravery and strategy, what they could not do by force of numbers; to hang on the rear of British detachments; to break up British camps and Tory meetings, and to annihilate marauding expeditions sent out by Lord Cornwallis; in short, to bother the army of the king in every con-

ceivable manner and cut off little slices of its power. Among these stout-hearted patriots were Andrew Pickens, Thomas Sumter, and Francis Marion. Marion was easily the most famous and fascinating of them all, and his name is dear in our country's history. Of all the noble men that the fight for independence brought to light, he was one of the best, one of the bravest. He was a man to do credit to the human race. The kind of warfare that he carried on was what is called guerrilla warfare, where the opportunity for cruelty and outrage is very great, and yet he never did a barbarous thing in all his brave career. He and his merry band went galloping about the country, striking sudden blows to British camps and disappearing, so that it often seemed as if the red-coats had been struck by lightning. Gathered about their crackling campfire in the sombre wilderness, the adventurous followers of the gallant Marion would sing their merry songs and tell their stories as the long nights wore away, while the British regulars vainly sought them. On one occasion, Captain Marion and his men came dashing into a British camp, broke up a card game, killed half the number, and dispersed the rest. Then they disappeared again in the depths of the forest. At the news of this the British leader in that vicinity became enraged. He sent a strong force of red-coats

MAY 25
Arnold asks for command of West Point

GENERAL MARION IN HIS SWAMP ENCAMPMENT INVITING A BRITISH OFFICER TO DINNER

down among the swamps and everglades to search for the mysterious Marion. Day after day they scoured the pathless forest, but in vain. The wise owls, sitting majestically among the tree tops, turned their heads as if the question were beyond their power to answer. The stealthy wolves stole from their lairs to glance at the strange men who had invaded their kingdom and then slunk off again as if they might very easily have told where the adventurous band was encamped, but declined to give the information to strangers.

"Come," said the British leader to his weary soldiers, "let us get out in the open; we will soon find that game cock, Sumter. As for this damned swamp fox, why the devil himself could not catch him!"

So they went to search for Sumter, and found him, and the stalwart Sumter made their chase worth while by scattering them in a most vigorous manner. Meanwhile the wily Marion came stealing out again to get some provisions from another British camp.

MAY 29 Washington hears of the surrender of Charleston.

While this engaging sort of warfare was being carried on, and the patience of my Lord Cornwallis was being sorely tried by the astonishing Marion and the vigorous Sumter, to say nothing of the gallant Pickens, the famous Baron Johann De Kalb was pressing his way southward from New York with a daily increasing force of patriots, for he did not know that Charleston had been taken and he hoped to save the city. Neither had he any notion of the terrible conditions prevailing in South Carolina; how the southern territory had been overrun by British and subjected to royal rule, with no resistance save the annoying raids of Marion and others of his kind.

On the 20th of June, De Kalb reached Hillsboro in North Carolina. Here he paused to rest his weary army and gather reinforcements. Though the chances in

the south were small, the patriot army was safe in his hands. If he could not win a glorious victory, he, at least, had the skill and wisdom to guard against a terrible defeat. He had fought in the wars of Frederick

BATTLE OF CAMDEN—DEATH OF DE KALB

the Great, had the Baron De Kalb, and he knew his business. At Hillsboro he heard the news that Charleston had been taken, and that the country below him had become a vast British camp. He issued a call for more volunteers and prepared to push forward. But suddenly he received instructions from the north to stay where he was, for the mighty hero of Saratoga, General Horatio

Gates, was coming to take command! This great humbug had been called from his Virginia home in the dreadful emergency, for the infatuated Congress still believed in him and was convinced that he would lead the weary patriots to victory. The Board of War, remembering the triumph of the patriots at Saratoga, and the surrender of Burgoyne, still accorded him the laurels which he had not really won, and sent him into the South clothed with unlimited authority. General Washington knew of his appointment, but he was powerless and so remained silent. When General Gates arrived, De Kalb was given command of a small division, and the army with its new commander pressed into south Carolina.

The actions of General Gates from the moment he took command constituted a series of blunders. There were two roads leading to Camden, South Carolina, and he took the poorer one where there was no chance of procuring food by the way. After a weary march of 160 miles, made in two weeks and filled with sickness and starvation, the army of General Gates took post at Clermont, South Carolina, about twenty miles above Camden, where a division of the British was encamped. Lord Cornwallis had gone from Charleston to Camden to conduct the movements of his troops in person, but Gates did not know this. The purpose of Lord Corn-

wallis was to march north and attack Gates at Clermont, and the purpose of Gates was to march south and attack the British at Camden. As a result of this a collision took place between the two armies at midnight of August 16th, about half way between the two towns. When the morning dawned it found the two armies in deadly conflict on the field. The weary patriots, half starving, were called upon to combat the overwhelming forces of Cornwallis's splendid army. The blundering Gates had been advised against this move several days before by De Kalb and other officers, but he had not heeded their suggestions. His insane advance against a powerful adversary now showed him that he had brought his suffering army face to face with destruction. The conflict was frightful. The patriots fought desperately, but it was all in vain. The troops had been misplaced, and being utterly routed, several of the regiments turned and fled in confusion, with the ridiculous Gates after them. Rallying the forces which had been deserted by their absurd and blundering general, the brave De Kalb rushed forward and took command. His enormous figure rose above the troops as he hastened here and there, shouting his orders in a gallant but fruitless effort to save the day. He finally fell bleeding from eleven wounds and died in the camp of his defeated army within two days. The battle of

Camden was the most terrible defeat that the Americans had ever suffered, and disgraceful as well, because it might have been avoided. But it was the end of the pompous and bragging Gates with all his lordly bearing and pretensions. He was suspended from the army for his idiotic actions, and fought no more in the patriotic cause. The bubble of his popularity had burst. But for his ignorance the brave De Kalb might have lived until the glorious end was known, but instead he became a martyr to the man whom the mistaken Board of War had allowed to supersede him.

The year was now more than half over. Lord Cornwallis was supreme in South Carolina and North Carolina was in process of subjection. The South had been completely conquered and two American armies had been put out of existence. Surely it required but a little further effort by the British to compel the American patriots to throw down their arms and sue for peace.

While these ominous signs of doom hung over the patriotic cause throughout the south, another effort was being made by the British in the north to terminate the war; a very different kind of effort from the one which they had made at Charleston—an effort that was all unseen even to the opposing armies, for it was being made in secrecy. It was a unworthy effort, for Sir Henry Clinton had made arrangements to buy what he

feared he could not conquer, to purchase the forts along the Hudson for a price, and the man who had agreed to sell him these, was the hero of Quebec and Saratoga —General Benedict Arnold. The general had asked

TREASON OF ARNOLD

for the command of these forts in order that he might turn them over to the British. He had held a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton in order to arrange a price. Thus was the liberty of America to be bartered away! For General Arnold was in financial straits and needed money. He had not been very justly treated by the Continental Congress nor by the

authorities in Pennsylvania while he was military governor of Philadelphia. They had made charges against him which they could not prove, and they had neglected to pay him the money which his bravery had earned. On the whole this brave and skillful soldier had been shabbily treated, as General Washington realized.

But with all the injustice of which he had been made the victim, and despite the fact that nothing serious had actually been proved against him, there had always lurked in the minds of many the suspicion that Arnold, with all his impetuous courage, was not an honest man. And this suspicion turned out to be true, though the commander-in-chief continued to trust him until his horrible scheme was laid bare.

While in Philadelphia General Arnold had married Miss Shippen, a fair young lady, and the daughter of a Tory. But she never became a partner in her husband's dreadful enterprise. His marriage brought him somewhat into the society of the Tories, and perhaps had some effect in influencing his views. However this may be, he had become dissatisfied with his treatment by the Continental authorities, he cherished a spite against the Congress, and he was deeply in debt.

In order to wreak his vengeance on the country which had not accorded him the honors which he felt to be his due, and in order to relieve himself of his financial

burdens, he secretly agreed with Clinton to secure Fort Putnam and its dependent forts and turn them over to the British for $50,000.

It was late in June when Clinton reached New York after his triumphal sojourn in the south, and cogitated on various plans for taking the north as well. After a few letters had passed between General Arnold at West Point and Sir Henry in New York, the baronet, in September, sent a sloop-of-war up the Hudson River bearing a young man whom he had instructed to make final arrangements with Arnold and then return to New York. Late at night, on the 22d of September, this young man was rowed to a thick grove on the western bank of the river just below Haverstraw, and there in the darkness he met and conferred with Arnold about the fearful bargain. This young man was Major John André, the favorite of Sir Henry Clinton, an adjutant of the British army, and the delight of the Tory belles in New York. It was his intention to return to his ship after this meeting, but when morning dawned the arrangements for surrendering the forts had not been quite concluded, and the two men adjourned to a neighboring house which was occupied by a man who, it is supposed, was an accomplice of Arnold, though his guilt in this transaction was never fully proved.

JUNE 24 Springfield N. J. burned.

The bargain that was concluded there in that house overlooking the river was that Arnold should distribute his troops so that no defence of the forts could be made, and that Sir Henry Clinton should sail up the river and receive General Arnold's mock surrender. After all the details had been settled to the satisfaction of both the men, and after young Major André had received some papers from the general, he started to return to New York by land, for the vessel which had waited for him throughout the night had been driven down the stream in the morning by some American batteries on the opposite shore.

Meanwhile the guilty Arnold returned to his headquarters up the river, just opposite Fort Putnam, on whose lofty turret waved the beloved flag that he had bargained to betray. Perhaps as he saw it floating there in the clear sky he thought of all that it had been through and felt a pang of conscience; who can say? He had some good in his guilty soul, had this miserable man, and that is more than can be said of Charles Lee.

One day went by. Two days went by. Three days went by; but the British fleet did not come. Instead a messenger arrived telling of the capture of young Major André in the neighborhood of Tarrytown. But the captors of André did not suppose that General Arnold

was implicated; they simply notified him that André had been taken and found to be a British spy.[1] And they told him also that Washington was on his way to West Point, and so the tell-tale papers found on André

CAPTURE OF ANDRE

had been addressed to the commander-in-chief at Arnold's headquarters. They thought that General Arnold would be glad to know this. And General Arnold *was* very glad to know it, for it gave him timely warning. He went straight to his room and told his fair young wife that he was a ruined man—that he must leave her like a hunted criminal, and ordered two serv-

[1]John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, the captors of Andre were given silver medals by the Congress and $200.00 each for life.

ants to row him down the stream to where the British sloop was anchored, a little farther down the river than it had been before. And when he reached this British ship the trembling fugitive limped across her deck and gave himself, for that was all he had to give, to Sir Henry Clinton and the army of King George, They had bargained for the forts but all they got was the traitor, and they had lost young Major André into the bargain. They had paid $50,000 for the services of this man whom they could not trust.

The capture of André on his way to New York with his fatal papers made the treacherous scheme a wretched failure, and its failure somehow made it even more contemptible.

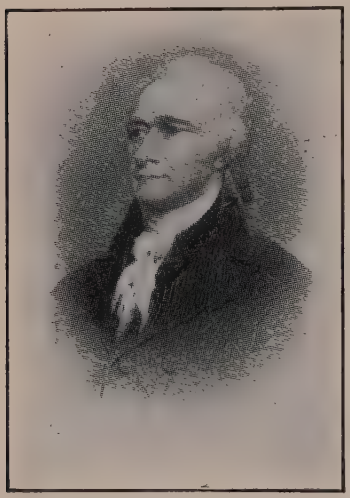
When General Washington with his secretary, young Alexander Hamilton, and other officers, arrived at West Point, he learned of Arnold's guilt and instantly distributed the garrison in a proper manner to defend the forts. He ordered Wayne up from Haverstraw to look after the threatened strongholds with their priceless stores, and Mad Anthony, with his men, came marching over the mountains in the darkness to guard the highland forts. But it was not necessary, for the enemy did not attempt to carry out the enterprise. Sir Henry Clinton directed all his energies to securing the release of Major André, but all his pleadings and protests were in

vain. The young man was taken to Tappan, along the river's western bank, and, after a fair and proper time, was hung as he deserved to be for the part that he had played in Arnold's miserable scheme. He was a very

DEATH WARRANT OF MAJOR ANDRE

cultivated young man, was Major André; he could dance and sing and write poetry, and there were some who thought that these accomplishments might save him from the wretched fate which military law accords to spies. Some verses he had written about General Wayne were very catchy indeed. But the men who sat in judgment were not at all literary it would seem, and

it is said that General Wayne observed that he would hang a poet as quick as anybody else—perhaps a little quicker—though this remark has never been authenticated. Mad Anthony believed in actions instead of words, and believed that the sword was mightier than the pen despite the popular impression to the contrary.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Some maudlin sympathizers and Tory residents in the section where young André met his fate, erected a monument to his memory which was subsequently demolished by the patriotic inhabitants, who saw no reason why America should perpetuate the memory of a British spy.

And the traitor—what of him? He went to England when the war had closed and there he made his home, though before this we shall meet him once again with the enemy in Virginia. The burden on his conscience and the snubs of British gentlemen and officers proved more than he could bear, and he died unhonored and

obscure at the age of sixty-three years. It is said that just before he died he donned the Continental uniform in which he had been wounded at Saratoga, and that his trembling hand clasped once again the sword which he had raised in the army of Washington; and that in a breaking voice the dying soldier expressed a wish that he had never worn another uniform or waved another sword. How sublime and touching was this death when compared with the dying blasphemies of Charles Lee, who went down to his grave cursing religion and sneering at mankind.

During this sad episode which we have been following, the Count de Rochambeau, with a large fleet and a goodly number of troops, arrived from France, and anchored off Rhode Island.

OCT. 6
Congress inquires into Gates' conduct.

The sixth and saddest year of the fight for freedom was now drawing to a close. It had been a year of failures. The sluggish army of Great Britain had risen up in its might, and the cause of the patriots was staggering. A blow in the north would end it, and the thirteen states would be under British rule once more. Could this be—could Providence allow it? What would this man Washington do to prevent it? The trembling patriots looked and waited. He, only he, could save them—what would he do? They did not look to the Congress nor to the army—they looked to Washington!

OCT. 25
Massachusetts adopts state constitution.

Cornwallis was still supreme in the south, though the southern patriots put up a gallant fight and won an occasional victory. Flushed with his brilliant achievements and with the still more brilliant outlook, Cornwallis, when asked what his movements for the ensuing year would be, laughed right heartily and replied,

"The fighting will be here in the south, and I shall remain here myself, for I have a great wish to be on hand at the last surrender."

And Lord Cornwallis got his wish.

VICTORY

THE memorable year, 1781, dawned amid discouragement and poverty and despair. The continental currency had depreciated so much in value that General Washington very truly observed that it took a wagon load of money to buy a wagon load of provisions. It cost old Samuel Adams $2,000 to buy a suit of clothes, which was not at all extravagant on his part, as the money had no value to amount to anything. It was then that the expression "not worth a continental" came into use, which was simply a popular way of observing that a thing was without value. The troops had not been paid for months. Their food was insufficient, their uniforms were in rags, and as a result of these conditions the army was becoming demoralized. The news from the south, the defeat at Camden, and the loss

of Charleston, had a dispiriting effect upon the patriots everywhere. The feeling in the colonies when the new year dawned was one of utter weariness and discouragement. Truly indeed it was the dark hour before the dawn — the lowest ebb which was the turn of the tide.

Such was the sad condition of the patriotic cause when, on the first day of January, the regiments encamped at Morristown under General Wayne revolted in a body and started off to Philadelphia to lay their grievances before the Continental Congress. It was a desperate thing for them to do, but their pitiable condition made it justifiable. It was plain that something would have to be done for them or they could not continue their services in the army. Their beloved commander, unable to quell the uprising, and believing in his heart that they were in the right, rode with them.

While they were travelling toward the seat of government, the news of their revolt reached Sir Henry Clinton in New York.

"Ah, ha," said the baronet, "I will send a couple of messengers after them to make them an offer, and win them over to the royal cause."

So he selected two heroic red-coats who were fast riders, and who had great persuasive powers, and instructed them to travel with all speed toward the revolt-

ing patriots, and overtake them before the Congress had a chance to listen to their just demands. These emissaries sped through the New Jersey country, urging their steeds forward in a desperate effort to reach the troops of General Wayne before they disbanded and proceeded to their homes. Perhaps every regiment could yet keep fighting if these zealous hirelings understood good horsemanship, but—fighting in a different cause. They sped as Paul Revere had sped when he called the citizens of Middlesex to arms. What a glorious triumph it would be for these two Britishers if they could only overtake the ragged continentals, and tell them of the fine red uniforms, and wholesome viands that were waiting for them in Sir Henry Clinton's camp! On, on, on, they sped after the coveted reinforcements, until finally, after a ride which was worthy of a better purpose, they overtook the troops of General Wayne at Trenton. Now their work was done; they had arrived in time. How delighted the starving continentals would be over the alluring promises of sumptuous fare and kindly hospitality!

But the messengers from Sir Henry Clinton had reckoned without their host. The revolting soldiers listened very patiently to their enticing promises and liberal offers and when the gallant horsemen from the British camp had said their say, the ragged continentals

seized them and turned them over to General Wayne with the polite request that he hang them as spies. "We are not Benedict Arnolds," said they. "We have no wish to desert our country."

It was one of the happiest moments of Mad Anthony's life when the two agents of the British commander were brought before him.

"You are very tired from your long ride," said he, "and you will be glad to know that you will not have to go back."

And the two spies were forthwith hung, in appropriate token of the danger which always attaches to interference in family matters.

Soon a committee from Congress reached Trenton, and conferred with the mutinous regiments with the view of adjusting affairs satisfactorily. The demands of the soldiers were granted and most of them returned with enthusiasm to their camp.

The story of the year 1781 must bring into particular notice a man whose name has been mentioned more than once before—who had taken part in nearly every important battle in the North, but who, in this closing year of the long, hard struggle, occupies the centre of the stage, for it was he who took away the power of Cornwallis in the south, and so helped to end the war. He was a Rhode Island Quaker—was this man—and

his name was Nathaniel Greene. What he did in the year 1781 has excited the wonder of historians as it

GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE

excited the wonder of Lord Cornwallis. He turned out to be a great military genius; one of the most extraordinary and skillful generals in military history. So

astonishing was his ability, so amazing his movements, and so original his tactics, that he has even been compared with Napoleon. That he was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived, there can be no doubt. He went down into the south to encounter there a splendid army, arrogant in its uncontested power. He elbowed Lord Cornwallis out of South Carolina into North Carolina, and then out of North Carolina into Virginia, and then he elbowed him into Yorktown, in a manner that was almost miraculous. He pushed him here, he pushed him there; north, east, south, and west—wherever it suited his convenience. He made a checker-board out of the south and when he had his adversary moved off into the margin of the board, he left him there, and all Cornwallis could do was to open his eyes and stare. It is this brilliant and extraordinary campaign which it is our business now to follow; a campaign which made glorious the name of Nathaniel Greene, and which raised him to a place among the great generals in history. The scene of the last act in our great drama is the sunny south, where the dreadful disasters of 1780 took place, and which, when that year closed, was practically under British rule.

After the humiliating defeat of General Gates at Camden, that general gathered his demoralized and straggling forces at Hillsboro, in North Carolina, intent

on making another triumphal entry into the enemy's land. But he did not have a chance. Lord Cornwallis was laughing at him across the border line, and the Continental Congress thought that it would be wiser for General Gates to remain at his Hillsboro camp than to venture again into the obstreperous country below him. It was at this juncture that General Washington recommended his faithful friend, Nathaniel Greene, as a fit commander of the southern army, and the Congress confirmed the high opinion of the chief, by immediately conferring upon the Quaker general the responsibility of that difficult and discouraging command. In the hands of General Greene now lay the destiny of the patriotic cause. If he could perform a miracle, America might be saved, but nothing short of a miracle would retake the south. But the magic hand of genius, guided, as we were sure it was, by a wise and beneficent Providence, in that sad extremity, performed the miracle, and America was saved. Be it said to the everlasting glory of that laureled soldier of New England that what the patriots could never hope to do by military force, he accomplished by the power of his matchless strategy. In this last year of the war we cannot get away from him; his genius pervades the whole scene; wherever we look we see him; his hand seems to hold all the strings. Superb and inspiring he stands, second

only to Washington himself, as the great hero of the grand old war which now at last is nearing its end.

The first thing which General Greene did when he received his appointment was wise beyond measure. He ordered the Baron Steuben to take post in Virginia and to start a sort of military factory; that is, to train and discipline troops—to make soldiers, in other words—and to forward them south as fast as they were made. Besides this, the presence of an army in Virginia would keep open communications between General Greene in the Carolinas and General Washington in the north; for General Greene was wise enough not to go into the enemy's land and shut the door behind him. Such plans as these would never have occurred to the pompous Gates. The next thing that General Greene did was typical of true genius: he sought for geinus in others and made use of it. Gates had sneered at Marion and Sumter as mere children playing at war. Greene gave them important duties to perform, just the sort of duties they were fitted for. He took them right into his army and trusted them. He was jealous of nobody; Gates had been jealous of everybody.

The next thing which General Greene did was to look about him and consider the situation—a thing which Gates never did. He then made up his mind what his military policy should be. He decided to divide his

little army into two parts; to take charge of one division in person and to entrust the command of the other to General Daniel Morgan. For, he argued, two little divisions which can do things are better than one army that cannot. In other words, two good marauding parties are better than one weak army. If General Greene could not march against the British and defeat them by one fell swoop, as the foolish Gates had thought that he could do, he could, at least, annoy the royal army in such a way as to weaken it gradually. So General Greene cut his little army in two, and that was the beginning of the end for my Lord Cornwallis.

BARON STEUBEN

Before very long the red-coat general became exceed-

ingly perturbed. He had, as he remarked, rebels buzzing all about him. He could not send out a foraging party for fear it would be attacked and annihilated. General Greene was posted with the trusty Marion in the north-eastern part of the state, and in the south-western part was the vigilant General Morgan. And so Lord Cornwallis was between two fires; or as the expression has it, he was between the devil and the deep sea. In military phrase both flanks of his army were threatened. If he went into the interior after Morgan, then General Greene would take Charleston. If he did not go into the interior after Morgan, then Morgan would soon have the interior.

Pretty soon my Lord Cornwallis decided that the only thing he could do was to follow the example of General Greene and divide his own forces. He put one division under Col. Tarleton and started it off after General Morgan. Tarleton come up with Morgan's division on the 17th of January at a place called the Cowpens, where a desperate and decisive battle was fought which resulted in a splendid victory for the Americans. The British lost 230 men in this encounter, while the Americans lost only 12. Col. Tarleton himself narrowly escaped being captured by Col. William Washington, a distant cousin of the commander-in-chief, and one of Morgan's bravest men. Col. Washington

pursued the British leader closely and wounded him slightly with his sword.

An amusing story is told of Col. Tarleton relative to this affair. Some time after the battle he remarked to a witty southern lady.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN

"I have been told that Col. Washington is very illiterate and can scarcely write his name."

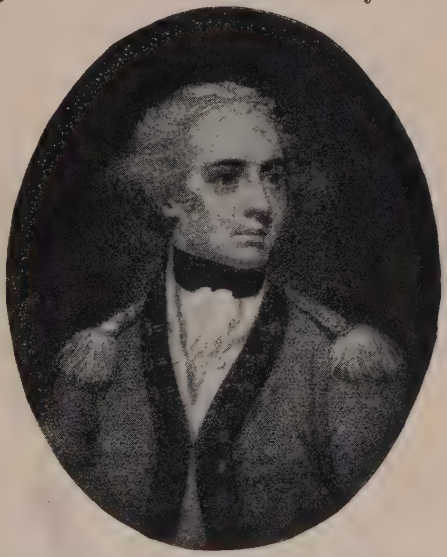
"Ah, Colonel," replied the lady, "he at least can make his mark."

Tarleton then observed that he would like exceedingly to meet Col. Washington. "If you had looked behind you at the battle of Cowpens you might have had that pleasure," rejoined the lady, and Col. Tarleton said no more.

After this splendid victory at the Cowpens, General Morgan led his division northward in the direction of North Carolina. Cornwallis, hearing of this, started in pursuit with his own troops, and while the two armies were thus moving northward, the British in pursuit of the Americans, the news of the battle of Cowpens and of the subsequent movements of General Morgan reached General Greene, who was encamped, as we know, with General Marion and his own division on the banks of the Pedee River in South Carolina. Now was the chance come to deal a staggering blow to my Lord Cornwallis. Losing not a minute's time, the wily Greene put his division in motion, placed it in command of Gen. Hugar with instructions to march northward as rapidly as possible, and having done this he hastened northward by another road to overtake General Morgan and take command of that division in person.

Meanwhile Cornwallis was being lured northward in pursuit of Morgan, into a hostile country. In pursuing Morgan's division he was going headlong to destruction. He was going away from reinforcements. General Greene knew this, and when he reached the fleeing troops of Morgan he ordered the retreat northward to be continued. Keeping his troops just far enough away from the British to avoid a battle, the brilliant Greene beckoned the red-coat general on and on, and my Lord

Cornwallis followed as a needle follows a magnet. Meanwhile the other American division was hastening northward to join the forces of Greene and Morgan. The slow-moving army of Cornwallis was easily outmarched, the two divisions of the American army met in North Carolina, and were joined by reinforcements from the north. This magnificent piece of strategy on the part of General Greene brought together an army of nearly 5,000 men and pulled the main body of the British army right out of their military stronghold, the state of South Carolina. It was, to be sure, a piece of generalship worthy of Frederick the Great or of Napoleon. When, on the 15th of March, the weary army of Cornwallis reached Guilford Court House, in North Carolina, only a few miles below the Virginia border, a splendid legion of patriots was waiting, eager to give battle. And it was for this that my Lord Cornwallis, His Majesty's



MAJOR GEN.L TARLETON.

skillful soldier, had deserted his camp in South Carolina! He realized now that the wily Quaker from Rhode Island had led him a will-o'-the-wisp chase.

The battle which was fought at Guilford Court House

CONFLICT BETWEEN COLS. WASHINGTON AND TARLETON AT THE BATTLE OF COWPENS

—for Cornwallis could do nothing but fight—resulted in a loss of one-third of the red-coat army. Thus tricked and crippled, the gallant Britisher knew not what to do. If he stayed where he was it would be the end of him, for he could not risk another battle. A year before this man had been supreme. Now, what should

he do? Where should he go? How could he postpone the doom which overhung him? Here he was among strangers—enemies! In this predicament he did, perhaps, the wisest thing; he marched his weakened army straight over to the coast and took post at Wilmington. And there he sat him down to think, and he wondered how the rebels had ever been able to train up a man like Nathaniel Greene.

MARCH 9
French fleet leaves Newport for Virginia

And meanwhile, what did Nathaniel Greene do? Why, he marched his army straight down into South Carolina, the enemy's land, and took the State by storm. The British garrisons here and there were rapidly reduced, and on the 10th of May, Camden, the principal inland post, and the scene of Gen. Gates' terrible defeat, was retaken. There was some resistance to this triumphal campaign of retaking a lost state, but the British who remained in the old stronghold of Cornwallis were utterly unable to cope with the patriotic force which Greene commanded. At Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September, a desperate battle was fought in which the British were repulsed and in which Francis Marion distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. After this conflict the British forces concentrated at Charleston on the coast, where they could enjoy protection from the British vessels. South Caro-

APRIL 15
"Light Horse" Harry Lee joins Southern army.

JUNE 3
Virginia Assembly adjourns to Staunton.

lina was now once more under American rule, and General Greene remained with his gallant soldiers in the territory which his skill had reconquered.

LEE'S CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE

We left Cornwallis with his homeless red-coats at Wilmington, in North Carolina. Greene had left him there, for he knew that the Americans in Virginia would look after him. Cornwallis knew that the traitor Arnold, was at the head of a British force in Virginia,

and he decided to march northward into that state and join him. But when he reached Virginia he found that Arnold, after a needlessly cruel little career in that state, had been recalled by Sir Henry Clinton to New York.[1] He also found that young Lafayette was in Virginia at the head of 3,000 men, ready to receive him, and that Mad Anthony Wayne was with the Marquis to give what help he could. The Baron Steuben also was on hand to help defend the state. Of course General Greene had expected just such an outcome when he left Cornwallis in North Carolina and hurried south again. He knew where Cornwallis would decide to go and what he would find on reaching his destination, for General Greene played at war as people play at checkers—he looked ahead and planned his moves and anticipated the moves of his opponents. And all his figuring came out true. A campaign of about two months duration in Virginia left Cornwallis in a more helpless and pitiable condition than ever. It ended in Lafayette and Wayne and Steuben pursuing the earl headlong to the coast—the only place where my lord could hope to rest in safety. On a little jagged

JUNE 9
Lafayette joined by Wayne.

[1] While on a marauding expedition in Virginia, Arnold, in one of his raids took an American captain prisoner. "What do you suppose my fate would be," the traitor inquired, "if the Americans were to take me prisoner?" With great promptness the captain replied, "They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and bury it with military honors, and they would hang the rest of you."

peninsula on the westerly side of Chesapeake Bay, which helps to form the wide mouth of the James River, stood the pleasant and thriving village of York town. And into this retreat the disconsolate Lord Cornwallis led his army, toward the close of July in the blessed year of 1781. He had been thrown about like a ball. Greene had batted him into North Carolina and put him in the way of entering Virginia. And in Virginia Lafayette and his gallant assistants had batted him over into Yorktown.

JUNE 12
Fox in the House of Commons recommends measures of peace.

It is now time for us to hasten up into the Hudson Highlands to see what the commander-in-chief is going to do. And in doing this let us not forget that a large French fleet under the famous Count de Grasse is sailing across the ocean and is headed for Chesapeake Bay. The French troops under Rochambeau were in Rhode Island, when suddenly General Washington ordered them over to the American camp on the Hudson. What was he going to do? "Oh, he is going to attack us in New York!" said Sir Henry Clinton. Soon the combined French and American forces crossed the Hudson and started through New Jersey. "The old fox is going straight for Staten Island," said Sir Henry Clinton. Meanwhile the "old fox," who knew of the approaching fleet of Count de Grasse and of the condi-

tion in Virginia, marched on. He had with him 6,000 men. He had left 4,000 to guard West Point.

"Ah," said Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, "he has passed Staten Island; he must be going to Phila-

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS

delphia;—that is a long march—what can he be going there for?" But the "old fox" with his 6,000 troops marched on and when he reached Philadelphia he paused there just one day and had a private conference with the Congress. And then he marched on. But the substance of his secret conference leaked out. The people suspected where he was going, the

news of it reached Sir Henry Clinton in New York, and the baronet knew that he had been fooled by the "old fox." In his desperation he sent Benedict Arnold to attack the coast towns of Connecticut, thinking to bring the "old fox" back, but the "old fox" with his ragged continentals pressed straight ahead in the direction of the Yorktown peninsula. As the truth about his destination became known, the populace of every town the army passed through went wild with joy. Hundreds and thousands of citizens gathered about the passing troops, shouting, yelling, and waving flags. Baskets of food were handed out to the veterans who had suffered at Valley Forge, and from every window and house-top flowers fell upon the ragged, starving soldiers as they marched along. The steady monoto-

ROCHAMBEAU

nous tread of the French soldiery could be heard far ahead, and the martial strains from their well-trained bands were carried on the fitful breeze and heralded their coming in every little village and hamlet on the long march. The windows were thronged with the fair daughters of the sturdy patriots, the bells in the churches rang continuously, and bonfires blazed in token of the great deliverance which was near at hand. The procession of soldiers was nearly two miles long. First came the ragged continentals, some of whom had been present at the bridge in Concord in '75. Then the gorgeously bedecked regiments of the Count de Rochambeau, marching with mechanical precision and holding aloft with the American colors the emblem of a monarchy which was soon to fall. "Long live Washington!" was the cry which sounded in the ears of the glorious com-

COUNT DE GRASSE

mander-in-chief as he rode along at the head of this imposing legion.

On the 1st of September they passed through Trenton. On the 15th they reached the head of Chesapeake Bay. Soon the commander galloped ahead and sent back word that the fleet of Count de Grasse had arrived. On the 14th of September General Washington with his troops arrived at Lafayette's headquarters at Williamsburgh and took command of the united forces. Williamsburgh is on the neck of the Yorktown peninsula a little above Yorktown. The French vessels were immediately distributed in the harbor and Lord Cornwallis was surrounded. On the 27th of September, all necessary preparations having been made, the besieging army pressed further down the peninsula. The army now numbered 16,000 men, commanded as follows:

His Excellency, George Washington, was commander-in-chief of all the united forces. The right wing was commanded by General Lincoln who had surrendered Charleston to the British. The first division of the right wing was commanded by General Lafayette. The second division of the right wing was commanded by the Baron Steuben. The third division of the right wing was commanded by General James Clinton (no relation to Sir Henry). With Baron Steuben's division was Brig. General Anthony Wayne. The

left wing of the army was commanded by Lieut. General Count de Rochambeau, and most of the principal officers under him were French, though not by any means the majority of the troops.

When this vast army came in sight of Yorktown the troops were distributed in the form of a vast horse shoe which completely surrounded the town, for its two ends ran to the river where the French and Continental vessels lay. This vast human horse shoe, an appropriate form for the army of freedom to take in this hour of deliverance, remained in its position until the 19th of October. On the 6th of October trenches were opened at a distance of less than a hundred yards from the British works. The cannonading was continuous and effective. On the night of October 14th, the British works were carried by storm. On the 17th a white flag appeared above the British works and the Americans ceased firing.

That white flag was the herald of American liberty. The next day Cornwallis proposed a surrender, and the day after that, the articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed. At two o'clock on that same day, the 19th of October, 1781, Major General O'Hara led the entire British army from the trenches of Yorktown into an open field outside, where, in the presence of the allied ranks of America and France, 7,247 English and Hessian

soldiers laid down their arms, delivered their standards and became prisoners of war. General Washington allowed General Lincoln to receive the surrender of these troops, for it was he who after a gallant resistance

GENERAL LINCOLN RECEIVING CORNWALLIS'S SWORD FROM GENERAL O'HARA AT YORKTOWN

had been forced to surrender to the British at Charleston. Lord Cornwallis, in spite of his desire to be present at the last surrender, did not appear upon the field, for he felt that the event would be more than he could bear. The tune which the British played as they marched out and laid down their arms on that memorable day, was a quaint old English melody entitled,

"The world turned upside down."

It is probable that some British wag in the besieged

town had suggested it in order that the pathetic incident might be relieved with a little tinge of humor.

The surrender of the British at Yorktown was the reward of seven long years of suffering to the patriots who won the freedom of this blessed land and whom we should never cease to honor. It was with this glorious and dramatic climax that the curtain of the great drama fell, and thus ends our

DEC. 30
National
Thanksgiving.

Story of a Fight.

APPENDIX

THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED, JULY 4TH, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce

them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object,the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:—

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accomodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the hign seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations,which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies, are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaraton, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we

mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

The foregoing declaration was, by order of Congress, engrossed, and signed by the following members;

JOHN HANCOCK

New Hampshire.
Josiah Bartlett,
William Whipple,
Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay.
Samuel Adams,
John Adams,
Robert Treat Paine,
Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island.
Stephen Hopkins,
William Ellery

Connecticut.
Roger Sherman,
Samuel Huntington,
William Williams,
Oliver Wolcott.

New York.
William Floyd,
Philip Livingston,
Francis Lewis,
Lewis Morris.

New Jersey.
Richard Stockton,
John Witherspoon,
Francis Hopkinson,
John Hart,
Abraham Clark,

Pennsylvania.
Robert Morris,
Benjamin Rush,
Benjamin Franklin,
John Morton
George Clymer,
James Smith,
George Taylor,
James Wilson,
George Wilson,
George Ross.

Delaware.
Cæsar Rodney,
George Read,
Thomas M'Kean

Maryland
Samuel Chase,
William Paca,
Thomas Stone,
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

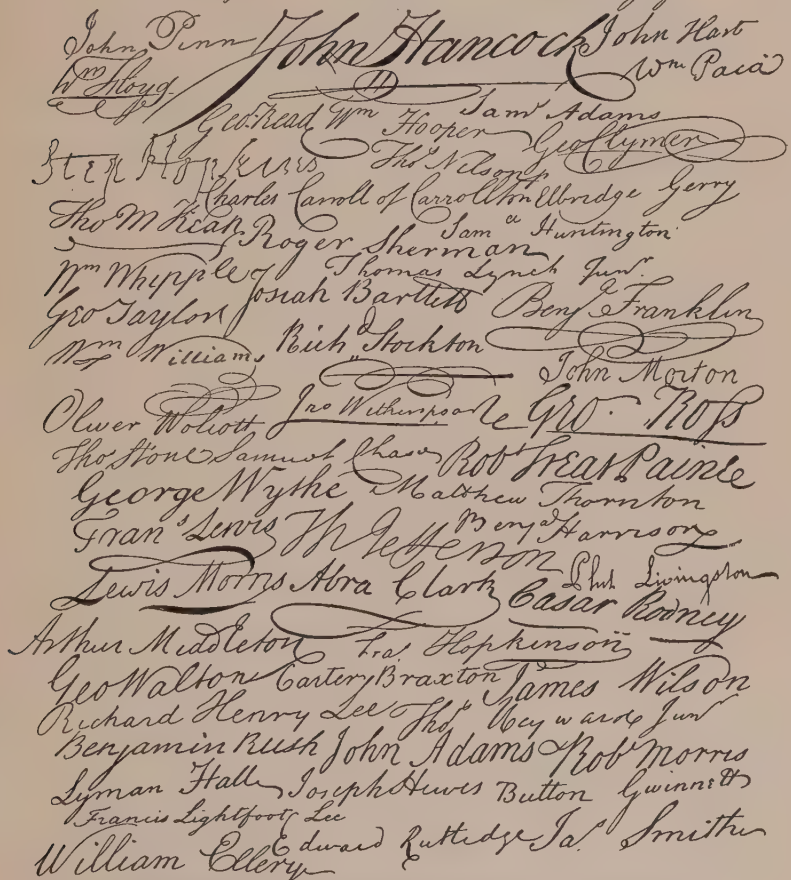
Virginia.
George Wythe,
Richard Henry Lee,
Thomas Jefferson,
Benjamin Harrison,
Thomas Nelson, Jun.,
Francis Lightfoot Lee,
Carter Braxton.

North Carolina.
William Hooper,
Joseph Hewes,
John Penn.

South Carolina.
Edward Rutledge,
Thomas Heyward, Jun.,
Thomas Lynch, Jun.,
Arthur Middleton.

Georgia.
Button Gwinnett,
Lyman Hall,
George Walton.

Fac-similes of the Signatures to the Declaration of Independence July 4 1776



I Department of State 19th April 1818. I certify that this is a CORRECT Copy of the original Declaration of Independence deposited at this Department: and that I have compared all the signatures with those of the original and have found them EXACT IMITATIONS. John Quincy Adams

Table Showing the Principal Battles in the War for Independence

The British sent about 134,000 sailors and soldiers to the war in America. The Colonists opposed them with 50,000 militia and 230,000 Continentals, with the French as their allies, while the English were assisted by Hessians and Indians. In the following table the particularly noteworthy battles are printed in small capitals; blanks in the columns indicate that the exact numbers are unknown.

Dates	Battles	Numbers engaged		Killed, wounded and prisoners
1775				
April 19,	Lexington, Concord,	Americans,		84
		British, ..	1,700	270
May 10,	Ticonderoga,	Americans,	83	5
		British, ..	48	48
June 17	Bunker Hill,	Americans,	3,000	450
		British, ..	4,500	1,050
Dec. 6-31,	Quebec,	Americans,	900	160
		British, ..	1,200	20
Dec. 9,	Norfolk, Va.	Americans,		1
		British, ..		62
1776				
Mar. 17,	Boston,	Americans,		
		British, ..		
June 28	Charleston (Ft. Moultrie)	Americans	400	32
		British, ..	4,000	225
Aug. 26,	Brooklyn L. I.	Americans,	10,000	2,000
		British, ..	20,000	400
Sept. 16,	Harlem Plains, N. Y.	Americans,		
		British, ..		108
Oct. 28,	White Plains, N. Y.	Americans,	1,600	300
		British, ..	2,000	300
Nov. 16,	Fort Washington N. Y.	Americans,	3,000	100
		British, ..	5,000	1,000
Dec. 26,	Trenton, N. J.	Americans,	2,400	4
		British, ..	1,000	1,086
1777				
Jan. 3	Princeton, N. J.	Americans,	3,000	400
		British, ..	1,800	
July 7,	Hubbardton, Vt.	Americans,	700	324
		British, ..	1,200	183
Aug. 6,	Fort Schuyler, N. Y.	Americans,	2,000	150
		British, ..		

Dates	Battles	Numbers engaged		Killed, wounded and prisoners
1777				
Aug.15,16,	Bennington, Vt.....	Americans,		200
		British, ..	1,200	1,134
Sept, 11,	Brandywine, Pa.....	Americans,	11,000	1,300
		British, ..	18,000	500
Sept. 19,	Bemis Heights, N. Y.....	Americans,	2,500	
		British, ..	3,000	
Oct. 4	Germantown, Pa.....	Americans,	11,000	1,073
		British, ..	15,000	500
Oct. 4-6,	Fts. Clinton & Montgomery	Americans,	600	
		British, ..	3,000	
Oct. 7,	Stillwater (Saratoga)...	Americans,	8,000	
		British, ..	6,000	5,791
Oct. 22,	Fort Mercer, N. J.....	Americans,	450	
		British, ..	2,000	500
Oct. 22,	Red Bank, N. J.....	Americans,		36
		British, ..		400
Nov. 16,	Fort Mifflin, Pa.....	Americans,	400	
		British, ..		
1778				
June 28,	Monmouth, N. J.....	Americans,	12,000	227
		British, ..	11,000	700
July 2,	Schoharie, N. Y.....	Americans,		24
		British, ..		
July 3,	Wyoming, Pa.....	Americans,	400	Massacre
		British, ..	1,000	222
Aug. 29,	Quaker Hill, R. I.....	Americans,	5,000	602
		British, ..	5,000	20
Dec. 29,	Savannah, Ga.....	Americans,	900	553
		British, ..	2,000	
1779				
Jan. 9,	Sunbury, Ga.....	Americans,	200	
		British, ..	2,000	
Mar. 3,	Brier Creek, Ga.....	Americans,	1,200	312
		British, ..	1,800	100
June 20,	Stony Ferry S. C.....	Americans,	800	301
		British, ..	2,000	606
July 16,	Stony Point, N. Y.....	Americans,	1,200	98
		British, ..	600	
Aug. 13,	Penobscot, Me.....	Americans,	900	
		British, ..	3 000	150
Aug. 29,	Chemung N. Y.....	Americans,	4,000	
		British, ..	1,500	
Oct. 9,	Savannah, Ga.....	Americans,	4,500	
		British, ..	2,900	

Dates	Battles	Numbers engaged		Killed, wounded and prisoners
1780				
May 12,	Charleston, S. C.	Americans,	3,700	
		British, ..	9,000	20
May 29,	Waxhaw, S. C.	Americans,	400	316
		British, ..		85
June 23,	Springfield, N. J.	Americans,	3,000	71
		British, ..	5,000	
July 30	Rocky Mount	Americans,	600	
		British ..	500	
Aug. ,	Hanging Rock, S. C.	Americans,	600	53
		British, ..	500	
Aug 15,	Camden, S. C. (Sander's Creek)	Americans,	3,000	
		British, ..	2,200	
Aug. 18,	Fishing Creek,	Americans,	700	
		British, ..	3,500	150
Oct. 7,	King's Mountain, S. C.	Americans,	900	20
		British, ..	1,100	
Nov. 12,	Fishdam Ford, S. C.	Americans,	500	
		British, ..	450	
Nov. 20,	Blocktock's, S. C	Americans,	500	
		British, ..	400	
1781				
Jan. 17,	Cowpens, S. C.	Americans,	900	70
		British, ..	1,100	
Feb 25.	Battle of the Haw,	Americans,		0
		British, ..		600
Mar. 15,	Guilford, C. H. N. C.	Americans,	4,400	1,300
		British, ..	2,400	258
April 25,	Hobkirk's Hill, Va.	Americans,	1,200	266
		British, ..	900	
May-June	Fort 96, N. C.	Americans,	1,000	150
		British, ..	550	386
June 1-4,	Augusta, Ga.	Americans,		51
		British, ..		72
Sept. 6,	New London, Fort Griswold,	Americans,	150	38
		British, ..	800	187
Sept. 8,	Eutaw Springs, S. C.	Americans,	2,000	547
		British, ..	2,800	693
Oct.16-19	Yorktown, Va.	Americans,	16,000	300
		British, ..	7,500	7,500

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